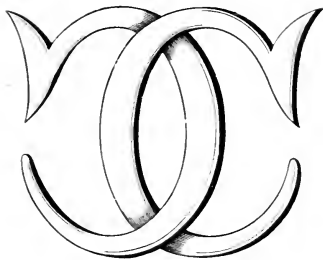
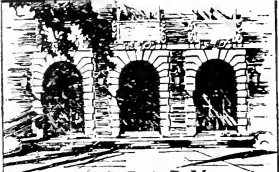


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DOUGLAS;

OR,

THE HIGHLANDER.

A NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By ROBERT BISSET, L. L. D.

AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF BURKE, &c.

V O L. I.

Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora,
Cederet, introrsum turpis. HOR.

Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi. VIRG.

L O N D O N :

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DEDICATION.

TO

THE MOST NOBLE

GEORGE, MARQUIS of HUNTLEY.

MY LORD,

KNOWN goodness multiplies applications for favor. Your Lordship's general benevolence inspires me with hope, and your particular kindness to your own countrymen, emboldens me to confidence, in soliciting the honor of your patronage.

Born myself in the Highlands of Scotland; I have written a Novel, in which I attempt to pourtray the sentiments, manners, and character of a Highland gentleman; and endeavour to shew, that the sense of hereditary dignity, to be found in Highlanders of family, is a powerful incentive to meritorious exertions.

VOL. I.

A

Were

Were it to be asked, to whom may a Highlander apply for protection with the greatest assurance of success? The answer would be prompt and general, to the MARQUIS OF HUNTLEY. To him have many Highlanders applied, and have been received with the most generous benignity. May THIS Highlander be equally fortunate.

Dedications are generally filled with praise, a tribute not most highly valued, where most completely deserved, and that therefore, for the present, must be forborne. Besides, were commendation to be my subject, what could I say that would be new to any one who ever heard of your Lordship's character? Pleasing, however, as I confess the theme, though one of the most frequent subjects of discourse, might be to others, it would be displeasing to the object of my address.

Instead of so trespassing upon your Lordship, permit me to say a few words of the Work, which I dedicate.

My

My purpose is, to describe existing manners, both in the Northern and Southern parts of the kingdom. Descriptions of this sort, as your Lordship well knows, must, if true, involve a small portion of satire. A little of this quality I have not been able to avoid, but its objects are general, and not individual character, and even in those exhibitions I have endeavoured to be as gentle as possible.

From the Dedication of this performance to your Lordship, it will be immediately seen, that the Author must think its tendency favourable to honor, loyalty, and patriotism; and indeed its very title, if that can be any indication of its scope, will shew, that either its hero is endued with these qualities, or that he is no copy of the class of gentlemen, whom he is supposed to represent.

Accustomed to a different species of literary exertion, I am doubtful whether the success of the present Work may answer the expectations that other produc-

tions might lead me to form ; but whatever may be its general reception, the opinion of your Lordship will be one of the chief tests of its merits or demerits.

Permit me, my Lord, to express the joy with which I heard that an indisposition, so gloriously incurred, was giving way to medical skill, and the vigour of your constitution. That, amidst the dangers of your profession, your Lordship may be long preserved, and rise to its highest rank, for the advantage and honor of your country, your illustrious family, and yourself, is the sincere and earnest wish of,

MY LORD,

With the highest esteem,

And the most profound respect,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and very humble Servant,

ROBERT BISSET.

SLOANE TERRACE,

Feb. 1, 1800.

P R E F A C E.



IN the early ages of Romance, the favourite subjects were fancied adventures, which never were, nor could be performed. The imagination was suffered to roam at large, without being confined to the bounds of probability. The system of chivalry, resulting from the combined military and religious spirit of the feudal institutions and manners, was the basis of romances. The authors, however, did not describe actual chivalry, but framed for themselves chimerical exploits, which no man ever did, or could achieve. This species of writing required no force of genius, no reach of knowledge; all that

was necessary for an author, was to sit down, and give full scope to his fancy, without any restraint from judgment or experience. When single knights encountered legions of giants, made their way through opposing armies, conquered cities, overthrew usurpers, and established empires, the whole secret of the author's invention, consisted in deviation from nature and truth. The redoubtable champions were allowed a species of artillery, that not ill corresponded with their marvellous character. They had enchantment, which could subdue a castle in a much shorter time than Condé or Marlborough, assisted by all the Vaubans or Cohorns that ever existed. Their cavalry were as extraordinary as their ordnance. Their winged steeds and their dragons were infinitely more fleet, than the best horses of either ancient Numidia, or modern Yorkshire. For navigation, they were plentifully furnished with enchanted barks; in swiftness, far exceeding the best frigate that ever anchored

anchored at Spithead; and, in strength, superior to the most powerful British fleet, that ever sailed under a Drake or a Russel, a Duncan or a Nelson. Great and manifold were the services which were rendered to favourite knights, by those faithful and efficacious ministers, the necromancers; these sometimes acted as quarter-masters, raising stately palaces for the accommodation of their champions; sometimes, as sutlers, they took special care of the mess; now, putting themselves upon the staff, they became surgeons-general, with the privilege of healing every kind of wound; then they turned physicians, and were equally successful in curing diseases.

Every one must see, that to produce such personages and compositions, required a very small degree of intellectual capacity. Extravagant as such fictions are, and disgusting to real judgment and discernment, from the gross ignorance of those ages this kind of romance, for five centuries, fascinated all Europe. The in-

genious and powerful satire of Cervantes, exposed such tales in their true colours, and tended greatly to remove the vitiated taste that then prevailed. The disuse of chivalry, the disbelief of magic and enchantments, the increase of knowledge, and the change of manners, facilitated the operation of Cervantes's inimitable production. That great writer not only shewed the absurdity of the old species of fictitious history, but laid the foundation of a new. In *Don Quixote* we find nature, life, and existing manners; we see real human beings imitated, an intellectual exertion, which pre-supposed knowledge of originals, and discernment of their various relations, duties, and characters.

The plan of Cervantes was not, however, immediately adopted; there was still a hankering after the extravagancies of the chivalrous ages. The machinery of dragons and necromancers was disused, but the personages, both male and female, were

were far removed beyond the imperfections of human beings.

The growing refinement and discrimination of the seventeenth century, stopped the currency of those writings. Pictures of human character and conduct began to be attempted. Ere long a genius arose, which shewed itself admirably fitted for carrying this sort of fictitious history to high perfection. In all his representations of human nature, in every state, profession, character, and condition, Le Sage in his *Gil Blas* displays a thorough acquaintance with mankind, with general passions and sentiments, as well as with the manners and customs of nations, and classes of individuals. Keen, but delicate humour, pervades the whole; the situations are extremely diversified, all natural and probable, and their effect on the different actors, such as they would have caused in real society. Wherever the history precedes or accompanies the actual characters, we perceive a very accurate and pro-

found knowledge of moral causes and their consequences. The progress of Gil Blas's own character, is strongly and nicely delineated; from his interview with the Parasite, at Penaflor, to his final establishment at Lirias, we have every where before us MAN AS HE IS. To compose such a work as Gil Blas, required a vigorous and fertile invention, accurate and extensive knowledge, acute discrimination, and happy talents for description and exhibition. The objects of imitation being within the circle of most men's knowledge, it was easy to detect the slightest departure from exactness of resemblance; and therefore extremely difficult to err without blame.

Marivaux, following the same general plan as Le Sage, manifests admirable talents. He both anatomizes the affections, and displays their active force. He separates appearances from realities, presents character in its similarity and diversity of constituents and movements. Less ex-
panded

panded than Le Sage in his survey of manners, Marivaux dives more deeply into sentiments. A leading distinction, indeed, between the authors of *Gil Blas* and of *Mariamne* is, that the former peculiarly excels in exhibiting character, the latter in developing affection. They agree in their plan of narrative; each begins with the birth and parentage of the principal person, conducts the hero or heroine through a great part of life, and both may be called writers of **FICTITIOUS BIOGRAPHY**.

Novels, imitating real life, attained little perfection in England, till the reign of George II. when Smollet, Richardson, and, above all, Fielding, rendered this country as much distinguished for excellence, in that species of literature, as it had been before in the higher kinds.

Smollet is peculiarly fortunate in his portraits of characters, formed by professional and local circumstances; sometimes attending more to singularities and eccen-

tricities, than to the principal and important qualities; and a caricaturist, rather than a painter of actual originals; but, on the whole, displaying a considerable knowledge of mankind, broad humour, and satire of more force than delicacy.

The novels of Richardson, though they profess to represent real life, too frequently exhibit characters much more perfect than any to be found. Such representations are *fancy pictures*, not EXACT RESEMBLANCES TO HUMAN NATURE. His heroes and heroines are rather groups of moral virtues personified, than characters, with that mixture of good and evil that is to be met in society. Sentiment is more the object of Richardson than manners. He has deeply explored the affections, and his moral inculcations are unexceptionable and excellent. Vice, narrow and short-sighted in her policy, sacrifices greater to lesser good;—virtue, enlightened by real wisdom, and taking a comprehensive view of the various constituents

constituents of happiness, foregoes temporary and trivial pleasures, for lasting and important enjoyment.

But the highest perfection ever attained by a Briton, in this kind of writing, belongs to the author of *Tom Jones*. In describing man as he is, human nature, either in general, or modified by particular situation, opinions, habits, and pursuits; in exhibiting character, either in detailed operation, or by a few strokes; in preserving consistency; in making language, sentiments, and actions, appropriate to the different personages; in shewing the operation of affections, either habitual or accidental, the rise and progress of passion; in variety of incident, all subservient to the main design; in natural and pathetic situation; in humour, either dilated or compressed; in wit, strong and brilliant; in interesting the reader, no writer of our country ever equalled Fielding.

There

There is, we may observe, a great and material difference, between the plan of Tom Jones and Gil Blas. Gil Blas, in imitating life, follows the mode of *biography*, carrying his hero from childhood to old age; Tom Jones imitates *epic poetry*, taking one great action as the subject of his work. "Fielding," says the judicious editor of his works, "considered the rules of composition, as delivered by the great philosophic critic; and finding that Homer had written a work, intitled Margites, which bore the same relation to comedy, that the Iliad or Odyssey does to tragedy, he meditated a plan conformable to the principles of a well-arranged fable." Gil Blas and Tom Jones may be considered as models of novels imitating real life, under different forms; the one in the shape of biography, the other of epic poetry. Gil Blas, not seeking a plot, has no occasion for unity of action or other constituents of a well invented epic poem; but though his plan did not require unity of
of

of action, his story has every mark of probability. An imitator, either of biography or of epic poetry, to attain excellence in this kind of writing, must be probable. The story of Achilles' anger, and of Alexander the Great's conquest of Persia, are both credible; but an imitator of Homer must have unity of action; an imitator of Plutarch must take actions uniform or diversified as he finds them. A story may also *be interesting* without regularity of plot and unity of action, as well as with it. We enter into the feelings of Gil Blas, as much as of Tom Jones. Imitation of biography, not requiring unity of action, is easier than imitations of epic poetry; in both kinds the highest excellence has been attained by Le Sage and Fielding.

Since the publication of Tom Jones, novels, in this country, have been most frequently works of plot, like the productions of Fielding, as well as of character and manners, like the writings of both
Fielding

Fielding and Le Sage. Miss Burney's performances are of the epic kind, as are also those of Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Radcliffe. Imitation of Tom Jones, however, is more difficult than of Gil Blas; and more of our ingenious novelists have succeeded in display of character, than in construction of plot.

I should therefore think it more prudent to imitate the plan of Gil Blas than of Tom Jones. In the present work I have presumed to aim at *fictitious biography*, without aspiring to the EPIC PLAN of Fielding. My object is, *to describe HUMAN NATURE and EXISTING MANNERS in probable circumstances and situations.*

It may be said, such novels are now out of fashion; many readers of our days, are much more delighted with stories about raw heads and bloody bones, than with either Old Delville or 'Squire Western; and prefer an apparition behind the wainscot, to the Archbishop of Granada's homilies.

homilies. I confess I have read with great pleasure, the works of one lady, who has been the means of reviving the ghost-system, by those who did not comprehend the object of her works. *Mrs. Radcliffe has not introduced ghosts*, but the effects of the belief of ghosts on the human imagination. She has shewn herself thoroughly acquainted with the workings of the passions, and peculiarly skilled in communicating terrific impressions from imaginary causes; but I must confess I am still more pleased with her power of exhibiting the workings of the understanding and heart, in natural and probable situations.

Many of the very numerous herd of romance writers, altogether unequal to the task of imitating *Mrs. Radcliffe*, have brought forward not merely an apprehension of ghosts, but the real appearance of these disagreeable inmates of a house. The genius of a *Radcliffe* excites awe and horror, nor are the impotent efforts of
many

many of her imitators less successful in exciting laughter.

I can promise my readers no ghosts, for I know nothing about them myself: I can promise them flesh and blood, for that is a subject of which I do know something. But, the reader may say, if you have never seen ghosts, you have certainly heard of them! That I cannot deny. Many a tremendous story of the kind have I heard in my native Highlands of Scotland, where, according to the report of my venerable nurse, and many other old ladies of all ages and sexes, there is hardly a rivulet, a den, or a hill, which is not haunted. The ghosts there, indeed are much less luxurious in the article of habitation than in more southern regions. They seek not castles, but carry on their operations in the open air. In dress too, they are much less fond of finery. In the south, nothing will serve the spectres but cambric, and muslin, and silk, and sattin; whereas, their brethren and sisters in the north are perfectly

perfectly satisfied with serge. Candour obliges me to acknowledge, that if less effeminate, our Caledonian ghosts are also less accomplished. The apparitions of the south can perform on the flute, the piano-forte, and the organ. Those of the north carry their musical execution no farther than the whistle, the jews-harp, or the bagpipe.

Having never fallen in with any of the hobgoblin kind, and not having the faculty of *seeing by hearsay* those *Dulcineas* of modern novels, I cannot pretend to describe them with the accuracy which the illustrious Sancho Panza bestows on the unseen mistress of the Knight of the Woeful Figure. Being unable to draw them exactly, I think it is best to let them alone altogether.

I confine myself to human nature, as it is to be found in these countries. I have not even a friar or a nun in my book; having hardly ever seen any of the former profession, and never in my life met with
any

any of the latter. Convents, and Corridores, and Priories, and Abbies, I have not attempted to pourtray; nor matins, nor vespers, nor confessionals, nor refectories; because I am totally unacquainted with such subjects.—The object of my attempt is BRITISH SOCIETY; to draw the intellectual and moral virtues, by the operation of which it is upheld, and to mark the follies and vices by which it is disturbed. I chiefly dwell on domestic and civil life; and, touching occasionally upon political, endeavour to shew that the same just thoughts, sound principles, and useful habits, which lead to the steady pursuit and attainment of private good, most effectually promote the public welfare.

Having professed to attack vice and folly, I here declare that it is VICE AND FOLLY IN GENERAL; and *not the vice and folly of any individual person*, which I have in view. I have endeavoured to draw genius, wisdom, and benevolence, without intending a compliment to any individual;

individual ; to represent on the one hand, great talents proceeding in a right course; on the other, great talents proceeding in a wrong ; great virtues habitually exerting themselves, with occasional deviations—the exertions producing comfort and happiness, chequered by inconvenience and distress from the errors. I have endeavoured to describe dissipation and profligacy, as not only depraving the will, but perverting the understanding ; and a man of genius, while under the influence of such habits, as erroneous in his judgments, and sophistical in his reasonings, as well as corrupt in his conduct.

I have undertaken to exhibit men of no abilities or learning, pretending to these qualities, and (in situations where they are necessary) imposing on the public. To an exposure of such unfounded pretences, none can object but *conscious impostors*. Mere imbecility I have never once attacked ; while stupidity is harmless, it would be cruel to disturb its self-satisfaction ;

fatisfaction ; but empty vanity, rising into arrogance, frivolity, endeavouring to assume the garb of importance, *a Shoemaker getting beyond his last*, appeared to me fair subjects of animadversion.

I entertain a favourable opinion of the ability and learning of not a few, who undertake the tuition of youth ; but they must entertain a very partial and erroneous opinion of that profession, who conceive that the majority of its members are either men of ability or learning. I represent that class of men as I found them, as containing men of talents and erudition on the one hand, weak and ignorant men on the other, and many in the intermediate gradations. Female education appeared to me also not undeserving of some gentle strictures ; no individual is meant, nor can my animadversions apply to any teachers who do their duty. On the great propensity of schoolmasters to *eloquence* I have hardly touched ; as indeed it is not peculiar to them, but also

to

to be found in vestry-meetings, ale-house clubs, and debating societies.

I have taken occasion to expound several practices not altogether favourable to good neighbourhood. Among others, that species of proceẽdure, well known by the name of *gossiping*; comprehending those idle, tattling tale-bearers, who from weakness, emptiness, and malignity, take upon themselves the unasked direction of other people's affairs, are eternally prying and misrepresenting the result of their contemptable inquiries.

I have taken some pains to estimate the merit of those fashionable gaming-houses, the proprietors of which are extremely anxious to relieve their visitors from the care of their pecuniary affairs. I allow to the virtuous principles and righteous conduct of the partners in the firms the praise I think due to that kind of traffic. I also slightly hint at other consequences to morality, from the precepts, examples, and situations, of those places
of

of genteel resort, and I say a few words on the advantages to young men from the company of **THOSE** *who will most readily introduce them to such scenes.*

In these, and every other character, I have studied to be general; to expose folly, vanity, frivolity, and vice; and to do justice to wisdom and virtue.

The present Work being my first attempt in this species of literature, will, I doubt not, be liable to objections, which experience might have prevented. If, however, it be received by the Public with the same liberal indulgence which has been shewn to my former productions, it will fulfil my most ardent expectations.

DOUGLAS;

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DOUGLAS;

OR,

THE HIGHLANDER.

CHAP. I.

Family and Parentage of our Hero.

IN a pleasant valley in Perthshire, bounded by the Grampian mountains, and divided by the beautiful and majestic river Tay, lived a gentleman of the name of Douglas. Originally a younger son, he, according to the feudal spirit, long prevalent in the Highlands of Scotland, received from his father a very scanty portion. Precluded, by the prejudices of family pride, from commercial enterprize, which has, since that time, raised so many cadets of

houses to an affluence much superior to that of the elder branches; and debarred, by narrow finances, from that education which might have enabled him to rise in literary professions; without money, or interest, to raise him in the army, he appeared in the first years of his manhood destined to the alternative of remaining at home as an idle dependent, wasting, on a paltry farm, talents which qualified him for a much higher station. Endowed with sense, with spirit, and with vigour of character, Douglas “despised the shepherd’s slothful life.” He entered himself as a volunteer, in a corps destined for Flanders, in the company of a young nobleman, heir of the principal family in that part of the Highlands. His figure, deportment, and conduct, confirmed, with his young commander, that favourable opinion which knowledge of his race had led him, by anticipation, to form. The young Lord resolved to exert his influence to procure the promotion of Douglas; but the battle that

“first

“first fleshed his maiden sword,” deprived him of his patron. His own merit, however, soon advanced him to an Ensigncy. In the course of promotion he arose to be a Captain, and distinguished himself as much as the command he held would admit. Having continued many years in the army, loved and respected by officers and men, he, by the death of his brother, was called home to his native country to take possession of the estate of Tay Bank, which had been many centuries in the family. Britain being then engaged in no war, he resolved to leave the army, and reside at the mansion-house, a possession of the Douglas’s almost coeval with the land.

The time he had spent in the army had improved the understanding of the proprietor of Tay Bank; had liberalized his sentiments, and invigorated his character, and thus rendered him a more agreeable and respectable neighbour, master of a family, and land-holder, than if, an elder brother, and educated at home, he had been a mere

country Laird. The habits of œconomy which necessity had bestowed, were peculiarly useful in the situation of his affairs. The estate of Tay Bank was deeply in debt, like most tenements of that country and age, when either ignorance or prejudice prevented advantageous enterprize, when the chief distinction of the gentry arose from feasting their tenants, and retainers in the great hall. Douglas was tinctured, to a considerable degree, with family pride, a principle, of which the operation, beneficial or hurtful, depends on the nature and habits of the mind in which it exists; but a principle which, surely, no wise man would wish to eradicate, where it leads to good conduct, although it might easily be proved that, abstractedly, it is not consistent with reason. In the more uninformed minds of his ancestors, family pride, although it inspirited exertion, added adventitious, to native, courage and honour, yet had been a great means of extravagance and consequent embarrassment. In the
better

better tutored understanding of Douglas, it was a powerful additional motive to œconomy, and that great virtue—self-denial. It encouraged his resolution to forbear the hereditary gratifications of vanity and ostentation. He saw that, were he to persist in the plan of his forefathers, he should soon be compelled to relinquish their lands; and should be able to represent them in the seat in which they had lived, only by forbearing to imitate their way of living. This change he effected gradually; and, through life, continued to exercise the most benevolent hospitality. This virtue, certain acquirements enabled him to practise with much more facility than his predecessors. When stationed in different parts of the kingdom he had paid great attention to pasturage and agriculture, in the various kinds of soil, manure, modes, and processes of operation; and had actually obtained a very exact and extensive knowledge of farming. Indeed it has been remarked by sensible and observing writers

that, in general, officers retired from the army have been skilful and successful cultivators of land.—Mr. Douglas turned to the best account the demesne attached to his house, gave such instructions to his tenants, and raised among them such a spirit of emulation, as greatly improved their condition, and doubled the value of his estate.

The produce of his own farms nearly defrayed the expence of his establishment, so that the greater portion of the rents of what was not mortgaged was appropriated to the diminution of incumbrances. His *galas* to his tenants, now rare, became more pleasing to his rustic guests than when frequent. The Highland peasants, sensible and intelligent, soon discovered that the landlord, by teaching them industry, and thus affording them the means of independence, conferred on them a much more important benefit than he who feasted them with roasted oxen. Douglas now finding himself, by his œconomy, prudence, self-command, and judgement, so situated as to enable him to
marry,

marry, paid his addresses to a young lady of the neighbourhood, to whom he had long been partial; she, consenting to his proposals, became the mistress of Tay Bank. By Mrs. Douglas he had many children, of whom two daughters and three sons came to the years of maturity.

Eleanora, the eldest of the young ladies, the favourite of her mother, was brought up under her own eye, and the younger was taken under the care of a rich aunt, her god-mother, who bestowed on her a good education, and destined her her heir. James, the eldest son, was a man of moderate intellect, but of great honour and integrity; knowledge being in the last age much less advanced among the country gentlemen of Scotland than at present, and James's mind not being such as to make him an exception to the general rule, his literary acquirements were confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic; he was principally distinguished for the force with which he pitched the stone, and the agility with which he danced the

Scotch reel. He entered into the army, not because he had any peculiar predilection for that profession, but because his father had been in it, and was known by all his friends and neighbours to have derived great advantage from his military employment. As the old gentleman was greatly esteemed and respected, James supposed that when he should have passed some years in the army, and return to settle in the country, he would, in the general estimation, be just such another as his father. The worthy youth, however, over-looked one difference; the father was a man of strong parts, which was far from being the case with the son: but that idea never entered the head of James himself. His father, although he did not form very high expectations of the promotion of his eldest son to be a commander in chief, yet made no doubt that James would conduct himself with propriety in the usual routine of duty, and knowing there could not be a worse mode of life for an heir to an estate than

than remaining at home among dependents and tenants, consented. The only objection which he himself felt was the high respect he entertained both for the army and for his own family. Had his heir been a man of talents, he would have rejoiced to have sent him to a situation in which ability might have rendered important services to his country, exalted himself, and reflected a lustre on the family from which he was sprung. Had James been an only son, the partiality of paternal fondness might have represented him as a man fitted to rival John of Argyle; but, as there were two sons besides, the young Laird suffered very greatly by the comparison.

The second son, Alexander, a youth of understanding and enterprize, went to India to push his fortune, and finding an advantageous opportunity there, he settled.

The third son, Charles, was, in point of corporeal and intellectual endowments, still more superior to the second than the second was to the first, and was the favourite of his

father. Really able, the amiable exaggeration of parental partiality exhibited to his father a prodigy of genius in his favourite son. Wishing profit, as well as honour, to accrue from his talents; he destined him for the law, and fancied that in his Charles he saw a future Murray. To prepare him for that learned profession he sent him to study philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's, then in high repute, under the superintendence of the learned and able principal Tulideph. Having studied four years at that University, with great diligence and success; it was intended by his father to send him the succeeding winter to Edinburgh, to commence his preparations for taking the gown.— This plan, however, was not executed.

Charles had early conceived a predilection for the army. This was increased, and, perhaps, first excited, by the conversation of his father, who delighted in recounting the battles and sieges in which he had been engaged, and in praising those who had
signalized

signalized themselves. The applause which Charles acquired by his literary attainments for a time diverted his thoughts from a profession in which learning, though useful and ornamental, is not absolutely necessary.

About this time war with France breaking out, James Douglas, with his regiment, came to Perth to recruit. Admiring the sprightliness and spirit of Charles, he introduced him to his friends of the corps. Charles was naturally gay, of a graceful figure, and well versed in manly and genteel exercises; he was, moreover, inclined to pleasure, and, occasionally, gave loose to dissipation. To such a youth the parties of the officers were highly agreeable; he admired the accounts of the various military scenes which they had beheld; was delighted with the easy, frank, liberal manners which they possessed, and captivated by the pleasurable life which they led. He expressed an eager desire for being one of their number, a desire encouraged by them all, but most strongly by his brother. James

was proud of the idea of having so accomplished a brother a member of that society which he himself so highly prized. He was under no jealous apprehension of being himself eclipsed by Charles; nor, indeed, did he suppose that any ground existed for such a jealousy, though very obvious to every one else. Application was made to his father for permission to solicit an Ensigncy in one of the additional companies about to be raised. The old gentleman remonstrated against the measure to which he himself had, unintentionally, contributed. He represented to Charles, that the provision which he could make for his younger children, according to the rules of that country, and, indeed, the entail of the estate, was very inconsiderable; whereas such talents, exerted with vigour and assiduity in the profession he wished him to embrace, might soon render him, in point of fortune, equal, if not superior, to his elder brother. Finding, however, his son so bent on a military life that he feared he would not apply,

ply, with a requisite diligence, to any other pursuit, he, at length, consented. An Ensigncy was procured for him in the company of a gentleman from the parish adjoining to Tay Bank.—Charles, under his friend, Captain Stewart, with their company, joined his regiment, applied strenuously to the duties of his profession, and soon became a very able officer. Part of the time which was not employed in regimental business he devoted to the extension of his literary attainments. The chaplain of the regiment, whose father had been clergyman of the parish in which Mr. Douglas's estate was situated, and who was himself very intimate with the family of Tay Bank, greatly assisted the young Ensign in his studies. The reverend gentleman possessed very great natural abilities; and had, at an early age, acquired an uncommon fund of elegant, useful, and profound knowledge, as he has since displayed in his *Essay on Civil Society*, his *Moral and Political Philosophy*, and his *History of the Roman Republic*.

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From Mr. Ferguson, Charles derived great advantage ; hours were employed with him which might otherwise have been wasted in idleness, or mis-spent in debauchery. The conversation of this able and learned man contributed even to Charles's knowledge as an officer ; as a mind that combines general principle with detail will render its possessor superior in the conduct of affairs to a mere practitioner.---Charles the following year accompanied the regiment to America, distinguished himself at the capture of Louisbourg, and still more at Ticonderaga, where he was slightly wounded as he was supporting the brave Captain John Campbell, who received a mortal shot, and soon after expired in the arms of Douglas. At Quebec he so signalized himself that he was promoted to a lieutenancy ; at the Havannah he was made captain of a company. In parties of regimental conviviality he was of great use to his brother, by giving the best possible turn to remarks and observations of that good gentleman, which were of themselves
very

very weak and frivolous. Soon after the peace he returned to Britain. James, selling out, retired to Tay Bank, there determined to spend the rest of his days in rural pursuits. Charles returned to Scotland, and was received with great joy by all his friends, particularly by his father, who had been delighted with the accounts he heard, from time to time, of his son's merit; and, whereas he had formerly fancied in him a future Mansfield, now figured him as a future Marlborough.—Joining his regiment in Ireland, he was, about two years afterwards, promoted to the rank of Major in another corps, through the interest of Lord Townsend, who entertained a very high opinion of the military character of Douglas ever since he first knew him at the siege of Quebec. The regiment in which he obtained his promotion being in Scotland, he returned to the land of his nativity, and was once more embraced in the aged arms of his venerable father.

In the parish adjoining that in which Tay Bank was situated, a gentleman, named Mr. Longhead, was the clergyman. Mr. Longhead was a man of sound and vigorous talents, and considerable learning; he had been of great use to Douglas during college vacations, in superintending his studies. Douglas, on his return from America, had taken the earliest opportunity of renewing his intimacy with his reverend friend, whose conversation he had always highly valued, and now prized more than ever, as from his own ripened powers and acquirements he was more capable of appreciating its excellence. Besides the pleasure of Mr. Longhead's company, Douglas soon found a more powerful inducement to resort to his house. Mr. Longhead had an only daughter now about eighteen, who, with a beautiful interesting countenance that "now beamed with intelligence, now glistened with sensibility;*" a figure tall,

* Cecilia.

slender,

slender, and well-formed, possessed the vigorous acute understanding, the benevolence of disposition, and tenderness of feeling which her eyes intimated. That truly feminine quality, softness, so fascinating to every man of sensibility, manifested itself in her looks, her voice, her words, her actions. Her charms were calculated for striking a sudden blow ; but still more fitted for gradual and permanent execution. Douglas, struck with the beauty of Emily Longhead, was soon completely captivated by her manners and conversation. On his first perception of his passion he endeavoured to suppress it, knowing that his father would disapprove of such a connection, on account of the limited fortunes of both. Vain, however, was the attempt to subdue love, excited by such an object---the more lovely the better known. As a man of honour and integrity, he laboured to conceal his passion from her, as there would be so strong objections to its gratification ; but
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he could not always avoid manifesting his affection in such a way, as to be both understood and felt. Douglas was then about six and twenty years of age, his features were handsome and expressive, his complexion, originally very fine, was now embrowned by the climates, in which his professional duty had obliged him to reside. Combined with the boldness, magnanimity, and strong sense imprinted on his countenance, its hue rendered his appearance more manly. His figure corresponded with his face and countenance, he was tall and finely proportioned, his shape and every movement displayed agility and strength. He excelled at every exercise and diversion which required nimbleness or force, or exhibited grace; not Captain Duncan, nor Sir William Erskine, esteemed two of the completest instances of manly beauty in their respective professions, surpassed Douglas. His manners were at once frank and elegant, his conversation intelligent and engaging, various, yet appropriately adapted
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to the subject or object. Such a youth Emily did not behold with indifference, especially when convinced of his love for herself: she had studiously endeavoured to conceal her sentiments in favour of a man who had never declared himself her lover. He had set out for Ireland without coming to an explanation; his self command arose from the most honourable of motives; he would not endeavour to gain the heart of the young lady, when he knew that, in the disapprobation of his revered father, there would be, until his situation should be improved, so strong an obstacle to their union. Concealed, their love glowed the more, *tec-tus magis aestuat ignis*. The love of both continued with increasing force during an absence of three years: Douglas had frequent opportunities in Ireland of marrying to advantage, both in point of rank and fortune, but would not offer his hand where he could not bestow his heart. Emily refused several offers, and one from a gentleman of great opulence, a comely figure,
and

and an excellent character. Her friends severely censured her for the refusal, and endeavoured to prevail with her to retract it, but in vain. Douglas heard of this rejection in a letter from his sister Eleanora, who exclaimed most bitterly against the folly of Parson Longhead's daughter, in refusing an offer that, Miss Nell said, might have satisfied her betters. Douglas hearing of her repeated refusals, and of the gentleman Miss Nell mentioned in particular, whom, independent of his fortune, he knew to be a man most likely to gain a woman's heart, if disengaged, began to conceive hopes that he himself might be the cause. The recollection of several little circumstances flattered these hopes, and the more agreeably as he was now promoted. Obligated to go to London to settle some business connected with his new appointment, a very handsome widow of large property, in whose company he happened to dine, fell in love with the Major, and took care he should be soon acquainted with his conquest.

quest. He frankly and honestly told her the state of his heart : the lady, like the worthy peeress of Tom Jones, contented herself with a temporary possession of what was destined to another in reversion. Soon after his arrival at Tay Bank, Charles repaired to Mr. Longhead's, and found Miss Emily alone. The emotion she discovered convinced him that he was far from being indifferent to her. In the warmth of his transports, on seeing his beloved Emily after so long an absence ; in the eagerness of his hopes from her refusal of others, and her reception of himself, he declared himself her lover in so soft and endearing terms, as drew from her tender bosom a full, though reluctant, confession of mutual love. Her father now arrived, and, after cordially welcoming his old pupil, was informed by that gentleman of his long and ardent passion for Emily, and solicited to grant his consent to their immediate marriage. Mr. Longhead thanked the Major for the honour he intended his family, but

but would not consent to their union without the approbation of his old friend, Douglas's father. The Major returned immediately to Tay Bank, closeted the old gentleman, informed him of the whole affair, described, with the most animated eloquence, the perfections of Emily, and the vehemence of his own passion. The old Laird of Tay Bank, though a man of considerable family pride, could not object to the connection on that score. The LONG-HEADS of Scotland have been always eminent, and have supplied the court, the camp, the pulpit, the sick room, the bar, the bench, and the library, with some of the ablest and most useful frequenters and brightest ornaments. Mr. Longhead was himself the representative of a very respectable branch of the family: his grandfather, Agumor Ballechandie, Big Adam of Ballechandie, had saved the life of Mr. Douglas's grandfather, when fighting against republicans and levellers under the great Montrose. The two-edged sword
which

which that gigantic personage had used when thus inspired by loyalty and patriotism, was hung up in Mr. Longhead's library, and was a subject of favourite contemplation of the Douglas's of Tay Bank, whose ancestor it had saved. A close intercourse had ever since subsisted between the families of Woodhill, the hereditary seat of the Longheads, and of Tay Bank.

Prudence, however, did not sanction the alliance now proposed. The Major, though possessed of many virtues, could not number among them *œ*economy, and had lived to the full extent of his pay. Emily had hardly any fortune; marriage in such circumstances, the old gentleman apprehended, must soon embarrass his son's affairs, and might eventually impede his promotion: he strongly, therefore, expostulated with him on the prospect of aggrandizement which he must forego, and the difficulties he must encounter, by the marriage of Miss Longhead. He used every argument that could be adduced from regard to his own
interest,

interest, the desire of promotion and fame, and also affection for the young lady herself to prevail on him to desist. His son assured him that, in his love for Emily, he had motives to œconomy which had not existed before, and also additional spurs to professional exertion, the desire of rendering her independent; that his whole happiness depended on her; that disappointment in so interesting a concern would certainly cause a depression that must prevent all effort beyond the mere routine of duty; that aggrandizement would be a poor exchange for happiness; but, if that was his object, he had no doubt by his professional conduct to obtain a high situation, without the aid of collateral influence. The last argument had much weight with his father, who expected every thing great from the military character of his son. After repeated discussions, convinced that his son's happiness was at stake, he at length yielded to his consent: he did this with the less reluctance, as he entertained a very
high

high opinion of the young lady herself: though he wished OO could be annexed to the sum total of her fortune.

Having prevailed with his father, he immediately communicated his intentions to his eldest brother. James frankly told him that he wished he was to marry a lady of greater fortune, but, since it happened otherwise, that he should do every thing in his power to promote the happiness of all parties.

“You will meet, my dear Charles,” said he, “with most trouble from Nell, who, you know, is a vain, conceited fool, and hates Miss Longhead.”

“Hate my Emily!” exclaimed the Major, “what can that lovely creature have done to excite her hatred, or any one’s?”

“You must not,” replied the other, “expect a reasonable account of Miss’s likings or dislikings. She seldom speaks, judges, or acts with reason on her side; if you but heard how she does contradict me when I am maintaining the soundest sense. In-

deed, my father, Mr. Longhead, and our own parson, can tell you, that I have always the best of the argument, though, to be sure, considering her ignorance and silliness, it is no great victory."

As Miss Nell will occupy a share of these memoirs, we shall give a short sketch of her qualifications, and so endeavour to account for the censure of her brother, whether just or unjust.—But this we reserve for another chapter.

CHAP. II.

A Description of Miss Eleanora Douglas.--Cause of her Hatred to her Brother's destined Wife.--The Marriage of the Major and Emily.

ELEANORA Douglas, eldest daughter of Charles Douglass, Esq. of Tay Bank, possessed tolerable features, and, in her youth, a better complexion. Her countenance was inclined to agreeableness if she was in good humour, but, as she was variable in her temper, so was she in the expression of her face---now all softness and insinuation, a minute after, scorn, rage, and fury. Her person, though she was extremely tall, was not originally ill-formed, but, by the time she had reached thirty, had become extremely large and coarse. Indeed her face was neither ugly nor beautiful, her person neither awkward nor graceful---Her intellectual, as well as her corporeal qualifications, did not exceed

mediocrity; she did not want quickness of observation—especially of defects. Her understanding was, besides, totally uncultivated; she had been her mother's favourite, and indulged in every request she thought proper to make. Miss did not choose to apply sedulously to the rudiments of education: her mamma would not suffer her to be compelled: of course she grew up in ignorance. The sum of her acquirements was a smattering of reading, a little writing, less spelling, some skill in dancing, and great volubility of defamation. So qualified and accomplished, Miss had been esteemed, both by her mother and herself, as the first of human beings: she thought attention and admiration so much her exclusive privileges, that the bestowal of them on any other woman she resented as a downright invasion of her property. Puffed up with ideas of her own superiority, she expected a deference and submission from all with whom she conversed, which she found very few disposed to bestow.

stow. She had been not only permitted, but encouraged by her mamma to give vent to every thought, sentiment, and passion; she was, of course, a very fluent speaker: her pride was rather aggressive than repulsive; it displayed itself more frequently in insolent loquacity than in haughty reserve.---She expected that her insolence was to be received without resistance, by every person to whom she was pleased to offer it. Retorts she generally experienced, but never failed to account them the most presumptuous audacity: she could indeed brook neither contradiction of herself nor praise of another woman. She wished to be the sole idol to which adoration should be offered: she proposed to herself pre-eminence as the supreme good, without the means of attaining that pre-eminence, unless in ignorance and absurdity. Malignity was a prevailing quality in the mind of this amiable maiden, but this malignity was secondary to vanity and

pride, and exerted itself with the greatest virulence when prompted by the mortifications to which she never failed to expose herself from those passions. Her chief and only lasting favourites were quadrupedes; as from them she could apprehend no competition. Among her dogs and cats she could reign paramount.--- Here she really possessed that superiority which she in vain sought among rational creatures. Many imputed to malice the ardent zeal with which she often inveighed against the actions, conduct, and character of other people. She herself, who knew best, often declared that her censures arose from her abhorrence of vice, and her contempt for folly, together with a desire of the amendment of the persons against whom her reprehensions were directed. To support the probability of her protestations, she might with great truth have adduced one argument founded upon an undoubted fact, that the most frequent subjects of her
invec-

invectives were her own *particular friends*. She was far from being liberal in pecuniary matters, but, to atone for her parsimony in that way, she was extremely generous in the article of *advice*. Advice is a gift of which in the scripture language "more blessed is the giver than the receiver." Her counsels were far from being received with a thankfulness in any degree adequate to the overflowing kindness with which they were offered. But, unlike those who plead the ingratitude of mankind, as an excuse for their own avarice, she persevered in her donations. She bestowed very great trouble, in devising plans for the management of other people's affairs, and the regulation of their conduct: she had, indeed, the more time and attention to bestow on the investigation of other peoples' past behaviour, and on their instruction respecting the future, as she was totally uninterrupted by any reflections concerning herself. Her notions on this point may,

indeed, be very concisely expressed; whatever she did must be right, because she did it : a doctrine of wonderful utility in precluding the necessity of self-examination, and those feelings of shame, compunction, and remorse, so often extremely uneasy to all who are not happily arrived at a state of infallibility. She herself aspired at the character of a fine lady ; in some instances she succeeded, even although her qualifications, except to her own unerring judgement, were far from being either important or brilliant. If she could not equal fine ladies in *elegant* volubility, she did in *frivolous* volubility : if she could not equal them in the lively phraseology of fashionable sprightliness, she was a match for the best of them in the power of making long speeches and saying nothing ; in idleness also she was equal to any fine lady in the kingdom ; and if, at the end of a week, a month, or a year, she had been asked this plain simple question, *What good have you done ?* she might have answered,

None

None in the world, with as safe a conscience as the gayest votary of *ridottos*, operas, and masquerades; in short, the most accomplished lady of the ton, if interrogated in the same manner. Her dogs she seemed to choose from resemblance to herself in idleness. Neither the vigilant mastiff, the circumspect shepherd's dog, nor the sagacious hound, were her favourites; but the trifling lap-dog. Perhaps, indeed, similarity of uselessness may be one reason that this last species is so universally a favourite with fine ladies. Miss Nell was prone to intimacies even with her own species; but they were never of long continuance. There was hardly a woman she knew to whom she had not been a warm friend, and a bitter enemy. Her resentments were very violent, but not lasting; some alledged that the shortness of their duration arose not from a forgiveness of disposition, but a capricious inconstancy of temper, that

could not long be pleased or displeased with the same object.

Miss Eleanora had not many offers of marriage but from men whom she deemed her inferiors; even those proposals were, for what reason we cannot devise, from persons slightly acquainted with her qualifications, and, indeed, before these had fully displayed themselves. Ere she had reached her twentieth year she had attained such perfection in that animated, vehement, and impassioned eloquence, which heretofore distinguished Xantippe, that the men (probably from modesty, lest they should be thought to aspire at the situation of Socrates, to have an occasion to exert the same philosophical self-command,) kept altogether aloof. Being now in her thirty-third year, her hopes of marriage were limited to an apparently distant *post obit*. Her father had never approved of the system of his daughter's education, and very much lamented and censured the effects it had produced. Finding, however,

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remonstrances ineffectual, he had, at last, desisted from them ; only reserving to himself the right of protesting, in form, against the display of her eloquence in his hearing. The old lady had been now some years dead, and Miss was considered as the manager of the department which had belonged to her mother. A sedate sensible housekeeper, however, kept the accounts, and transacted the administrative functions ; the province chosen by Miss was the oratorical. An ancient rhetorician would class her harangues, not in the *deliberative* kind, which requires a thorough knowledge of the subject joined to a cool consideration of what is most expedient ; the rapid mind of Eleanora never waited for deliberation. He might also inform us that it was not of the *judicial* kind, as her live genius always moved too quick for a tedious enquiry into equity and justice ; he would refer it to the *demonstrative* kind, which consisted in *heaping praise or blame without measure*. The subjects of her panyrics were either the qualities of herself,

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self, or of her friend, the *post obit*; of her invectives, various friends and relations, but most frequently the female domestics, as being most within the reach of her eloquence. Some might suspect her of borrowing from Cicero, as her harangues very often began in the style with which he once commences, *Jamne vides, Jamne sentis bellua*—you beast, have you any eyes, have you common sense? Beginning, however, with a *generic* term, she, according to the rules of rhetoricians, proceeded to *special* objects, as exhibiting a livelier image; her favourite source of figurative language was the canine race.

Among the many who were, at different times, the subjects of Miss Nell's eloquence, Emily was one. Nell hated that young lady most bitterly, for the following good and substantial reasons. Emily was much younger, much handsomer, much more accomplished, much more liked and admired than herself. Besides being adored by the men in general, Miss Longhead
had

had been solicited to give her hand to a particular gentleman whom Nell had marked as a conquest for herself; she was enraged that Emily had it in her power to refuse a man whom she herself would have most gladly accepted. She averred, that she had strenuously advised Emily to accede to the gentleman's proposals. She, at other times, declared, that, to her certain knowledge, no such offer had been made. Indeed, in the narrative part of her orations, she by no means strictly confined herself to the actual state of the case. Like many eminent orators, she considered matter of fact as, in itself, totally immaterial, and thought truth of consequence merely so far as it tended to establish the desired conclusions. If fact, therefore, could not promote the wished-for end, she wisely employed fiction in its place; a substitute sanctioned by the authority of *very high* political characters. As she hated Miss Emily, she used the utmost efforts of her inven-

invention to slander and abuse that sweet lass.

Matters being in this state, the reader will not be surprized that James, the young Laird, apprehended all the opposition in Nell's power to her brother's marriage with Miss Longhead. Indeed no one more readily imputed bad or foolish motives to Miss Nell than James, though, generally, a good natured and candid man. That good gentleman was particularly anxious that his understanding should meet with what he conceived due respect. Nell often expressed the greatest contempt for the talents of her eldest brother, although equal to her own. James was often much enraged at her attacks on his abilities, but in his cooler moments imputed them to her folly, which he said was very evident in all her words and actions.

Nell, as James had foretold, was vehemently incensed against her brother for thinking of marrying a person so totally disagreeable to her, who was the best and
proper-

properest judge how her brothers ought to act. Besides hatred to Emily, there were other reasons which operated on Eleanora. Desirous of deference and submission from all the world, she thought herself peculiarly entitled to them from her brothers; she was, therefore, inimical to any marriage for them, as that, she apprehended, would eventually interfere with the worship which she thought it the duty of those brothers to offer to so very wise and accomplished a sister. In their duty she had hitherto the misfortune to find them deplorably deficient, and marriage, she feared, would make them more negligent and remiss. Indeed any other person would have seen a still greater probability than Miss Nell herself did in the case of Miss Emily Longhead, that she would be considered as a very secondary object of attention by the Major. It was probable that a man should attend more to his wife than to his sister, were they equally worthy and amiable; but it was still more probable

probable that he should attend more to a lovely, sweet, sensible, engaging wife, than to an unlovely, sour, foolish, disgusting sister.

Miss Nell expostulated, and prophesied every evil, if the proposed union were carried into effect. But her remonstrances and predictions were disregarded ; the Major was made happy in the possession of his beloved Emily.

CHAP. III.

Birth of our Hero.—The Departure of the Major and his Lady to the West Indies.—Transactions at Tay Bank in their Absence.

DURING the first year after their marriage the Major and his lady resided chiefly at Tay Bank and Loch Castle, the residence of Mr. Longhead, though occasionally at the county town where their regiment was quartered. Both their fathers and brother grew daily more attached to Emily, and, if possible, to the Major himself. The mutual endearments of the new married couple increased their mutual affection; their more thorough knowledge of each other's disposition and character, strengthened reciprocal esteem and admiration. Though not without disturbance from the folly or insolence of Eleanora, they enjoyed very great happiness. To crown their felicity, Mrs. Douglas, within
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the year, brought to the world a fine boy; the subject of these memoirs.

The child was christened by his maternal grandfather, and received the name of Charles, in honour of his paternal. He had just completed his first year, and exhibited all the symptoms of intelligence and sensibility which any child of his age could display, and was regarded by his fond and partial parents as a miracle of beauty and sagacity, each tracing the other's features and expression in his face and countenance, when, on the sudden apprehension of a rupture with Spain, his father's regiment was ordered to the West Indies. No entreaties could prevail on his lady to forbear accompanying her beloved husband. To have taken the child so young to such a climate would, had it been otherwise convenient, have exposed him to certain danger. His father and mother were necessitated to sacrifice the delight of their infant's presence to his future safety. The idea of such a parting
was

was very distressing to both, and cost Emily many a tear. Her father, father-in-law, and husband, used every argument that sense and goodness could dictate, to sooth her anxiety and sorrow, while Miss Eleanora uttered many sage reflections on the folly, and, indeed, impiety, of such feelings. It was extremely silly, she said, to grieve for a separation that was for the child's good ; it implied a reflection on his friends ; it appeared as if she doubted that they would take proper care of the boy ; it was, moreover, impious, as it argued a distrust in the divine Providence ; it was, indeed, she said, quite inconsistent with the duty of a Christian, to have so warm an attachment to any temporal object as not to be ready to resign it when it should please her Maker. " You ought not only not to grieve now, but even if, when you were abroad, you were to hear that it had pleased God to take away your child by the small pox, which are very mortal in the next parish, for two fine children died
of

of them in the same house in one day last week, you ought to be tranquil and contented." This suggestion threw the mother into an agony of apprehension, and drew from the Major a sally of anger to his sister, which contempt had generally stifled; he swore she was one of the silliest, most malicious fools that ever existed. The rest of the company silently, James openly and loudly, concurred. Nell replied to both with great vehemence, and a violent quarrel would have taken place had not the Major, more perfectly recollecting the truth of his assertion, thought proper to make some apology for having uttered that truth, and prevailed on James to do the same. This little altercation was a fortunate circumstance for Emily, as the desire of terminating it for a time diverted her mind from its more tender interest. Mixt with Emily's tenderness, there was a considerable degree of fortitude; before the time of departure, making a vigorous effort, she assumed the appearance of tranquillity.

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After having, in the most solemn and impressive terms, committed their sacred deposit to their care, they took leave of their friends, and embarked at Glasgow for Jamaica.—Thus was our young hero, in his early infancy, deprived of the immediate protection of his parent.

The old gentleman had insisted, that Tay Bank should be the head-quarters of his name son ; where, however, Mr. Longhead almost daily saw him, and had him often as an inmate of the parsonage-house of Loch Castle. Under the care of his grandfathers and uncle, our hero thrived apace ; they all three doated on him. Before he was three years old their fondness discovered in him wonderful abilities. The prattling of little Charley they considered as combining wisdom and eloquence. Mr. Longhead, wise as he was, attributed to the son of his beloved daughter much greater talents than any child of his age could exhibit. The little contrivances by which all children attempt to obtain the objects of
of

of their desire, he considered as efforts of the most promising genius. Miss Nell was not equally fond of the boy : besides her hatred to the mother, which we have enumerated, she was jealous of the fondness of her father and brother for little Charles. In the midst of her most wise observations, or most vehement oratory, the gentlemen would, instead of listening to her with that deference and admiration to which she conceived herself entitled, be attending to the sayings and little tricks of Charles.

A still higher offence was, that her favourite dog was in less estimation with the family than her nephew. This dog (except the subject of the *post obit* expectation, before hinted at,) she preferred to all creatures, and, indeed, with reason; as there was no creature that paid so much attention to her. He attended to all her motions, watched her voice, and whenever she opened her eloquence against the domestics he also seconded her harangues;

rangues; taking the tone from this leader of the band, the second favourites played their parts. The cats contributed their share to the harmony, though in a different key from the lady and the dogs. Indeed, those musicians were not the only accompaniers of Miss Nell's exhibitions, but often also the causes, especially Carlo. A contest between the four-footed gentlemen and young Charles was the cause of a very severe beating to the latter, from his worthy aunt, and of great confusion in the family.—Mr. James Douglas having been at a neighbouring fair had brought home a large piece of gingerbread for his nephew. Little Charles, now in the fourth year of his age, was of a liberal disposition, and after having offered a part of his gingerbread to some of the servants, very generously bestowed more than a third on the dog. Mr. Carlo not contented with what the generosity of our hero had given to him, attempted to snatch the whole. This our hero resisted---Carlo bit his fingers---an assault which he resented by a blow with a stick,

stick, with which he drove his hoop---Carlo ran off howling: unfortunately Eleanora saw the blow, and, without enquiring into the cause, flew on Charles, whom she was beating severely when her brother appeared and rescued the boy from her clutches.---A violent quarrel arose between the brother and sister---both laid their complaint before the old gentleman, who, having enquired into the original cause of his aunt Nell's anger, and finding it frivolous, and unjust, and its effects barbarous, reprimanded her with much severity. Nell replied with the most undutiful insolence, made a quick transition to little Charles, whom she abused with great fluency, adding, "every sort of wickedness might be expected from the child of such a wretch." She proceeded to her brother, whom she reviled with every reproachful epithet she could remember; and, finally, swore that her father must turn *him* out of doors, and even disinherit *him*, otherwise *she* would leave the place for ever. James was going to reply with much anger, when
his

his father, whose passions, from age and experience, were now moderate, told her coolly, he would discuss the affair no farther at present, but that the next morning he would deliver his sentiments and resolution very explicitly; meanwhile, in a very peremptory tone, he desired her to retire to her room.

Nell seldom obeyed any order of her father, or ever complied with a request without grumbling or bellowing, (for her voice, when crying, resembled that of a wounded ox,) yet as firmness is an overmatch for violence, she generally regarded his positive orders, though with the aforesaid grumbling or bellowing. She did not, indeed, do this without indemnifying herself for her forced submission, by dutifully abusing her father to all her acquaintance, and the servants. She now withdrew, scolding all the way, to her apartment. The old gentleman, who was a man of excellent sense himself, did not look upon this amiable daughter as an able reasoner at any

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time.---At this time a circumstance existed which incapacitated her from exerting the very limited share of reason which she possessed. Mercury is considered as god of eloquence; perhaps no one can be a consummate orator without being occasionally inspired by Apollo, and habitually guided by Minerva. Miss Nell did not owe her oratory to the deities who dispense with genius, or wisdom. Her eloquence flowed originally from the inspiration of one of those ladies who stimulated the wife of Latimus to excite discord, and had, of late, received large supplies from that jovial deity, who is, in poetic story, recorded to have driven tigresses. To speak plainly, Miss Nell was now one of those women known by the denomination of old maids, a term extended by courtesy to all women that are unmarried at thirty. Marriage is, in the estimation of *unmarried* women, the highest possible blessing. The long want of that great good must, consequently, be a very great evil. Such an evil, though it does

does not admit of complete remedy, yet may be, and has been, alleviated in various ways.

A mode of procedure to which they themselves give the name of religion has been of sovereign use to many maiden gentlewomen. This religion consists in reading holy books, in hearing long prayers and sermons, in charitably applying the descriptions of vice and sin contained in those books and sermons to their neighbours, in abusing the characters of those neighbours, and, with becoming zeal, consigning them to damnation. Such proceedings often, for a time, engage the attention, so much as to draw it away from the woes of celibacy. Besides, as religious meetings are by no means unfavourable to the operations of the amorous affections, maidens are cheered with the hope of exciting, through the sympathy of devotion, the sympathy of love. Cats and dogs are often of great efficacy in alleviating the miseries of old maidenhood. Probably their fancies may

represent the caresses bestowed on those favourites as bestowed on the human species. But prayers, sermons, and defamation, afford only a temporary consolation. Cats, or even dogs themselves, cannot always engross the attention. A succedaneum of more sovereign power is necessary. When all other means have failed to soothe their hearts, sore with disappointments, elderly maidens find, from experience, a most efficacious balsam in a liquid substance known by the name of *brandy*.—This substance is accounted by them very pleasing to the taste, and exhilarating to the spirits. Under its benign influence they either forget their wants, or entertain sanguine hopes that they will be soon supplied. Their devotion burns more ardently, their oratory is more vivid and sonorous; their attacks on the qualifications and characters of their friends more bold and vehement. From such beneficial effects, it is no wonder that brandy is in very high request, especially among those old maids, in
whom

whom habitual sourness and malignity has made celibacy more tormenting to themselves, and more disgusting to others. Indeed it is among the habitually malignant that it is in the highest request, as they stand most in need of a softening cordial.

Miss Eleanora, who, at a very early age, begun to have recourse to brandy, had at first been sparing in the use of it. At twenty-five had greatly increased the frequency of her devotions, and at thirty was noted for her attachment to the inspiriting beverage. That evening she had taken (not an extraordinary, but) a very large dose, which, co-operating with her love for her dog, and hatred for her nephew, produced the beating and quarrel which we have recorded.

The old gentleman, who experienced his son to be dutiful, respectful, and affectionate, his daughter to be undutiful, insolent, and indifferent; who knew the former to be benevolent, unassuming, and generally loved, the latter, malignant, arrogant, and gene-

rally hated; James, in the case in dispute to be entirely in the right, Nell entirely in the wrong; determined to insist on her most humble submission. This he did partly from the hope that the mortification her pride would thus receive might, for some time, restrain her from the conduct that caused it. The next morning he sent for her, and when she was beginning a phillippic against her brother, he interrupted her, by desiring her to hear a word, and answer accordingly.

“ You, last night,” said he, “ proposed that your brother or you should leave my house: your brother has always conducted himself towards me as became him; you have not as became you. He shall not be abused by you with impunity. I now, therefore, propose my alternative, either promise to behave with propriety, not only to him, but to every individual in this house, or leave it this morning. A sufficient annuity shall, in that case, be allowed for your subsistence.”

Nell

Nell burst into a violent rage, a torrent of invective, which ended in a fit, as often happened to her from excess of passion.

On her recovery her father calmly told her, "Your frantic sallies of diabolical passion shall not shake my resolution which I shall now leave you to consider."

When Nell had recovered from the paroxysm of rage, she began to reflect upon the consequences which would result from her leaving her father's house. She could not help seeing that both her father and brother, though infinitely her inferiors in merit, were much more esteemed and liked, and that the world would be on their side. Of marriage her hopes were very distant, unless when the cordial happened to approximate the object. The realization was to depend on the death of a woman younger than herself, whom she had once fancied to be rather in a bad state of health, but found to be now perfectly recovered; she apprehended some tergiversation in the gentleman, and suspecting he was

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relapsing

relapsing into an affection for his wife. A circumstance which greatly disappointed her, as she knew the wife to be a woman of sensibility, and was once not without the hopes that the alienation of the husband's affection might break the wife's heart, and so speedily cause the vacancy which she wished to supply. Many repeated trials, even whilst the *post obit* was more in view, had convinced her that her other chances were not great; she saw that she must probably continue to be dependent on her father and brothers, and that her consequence in society must chiefly be derived from them. That consequence she saw would be very small in a secluded, sequestered state, compared with what she fancied it might still be, if she remained mistress of her father's house.

That detested sister-in-law, and her now no less detested son, were very great favourites with the fools her father and brother, but might there not be hopes, by artifice and misrepresentation, of supplanting them?

That

That would be impracticable were she to leave her father's; should she remain in the house she might regain the favour of her father and elder brother, and injure little Charles and his mother, and even the Major, in their affection. From these good motives she resolved to submit and bend herself every way to regain their good will, of the advantages of which she was the more sensible from apprehending the entire loss.

No one had a greater inclination than Miss Nell to hypocrisy and deceit; she was totally unrestrained by any principle; would use the most unjustifiable means to promote her interest, or gratify her passions, however hurtful. She did not want versatility and insinuation; but her views were narrow; her capacity small; her temper unsteady: so that, however willing to engage in noxious projects, she neither devised the most effectual means, nor was steady and persevering in her plans. The fickleness and fury of her temper combined

bined with the weakness of her understanding in preventing her badness of heart from doing the designed mischief.

But to return to our story—Nell sent a note to her father, expressing her sincere contrition for the violence and undutifulness into which she had been hurried, and requesting, in the humblest terms, that her brother and he might, in consistence with their often experienced goodness, be reconciled to her. They were both highly satisfied with her note, and made up the matter in a few minutes. She lavished much kindness on Charles, knowing it would please her father and brother.

During some months after this things went on pretty smoothly. Miss laboured to please the gentlemen; and, on the whole, succeeded. Not that she could always refrain from indulging her oratory, especially after draughts more inspiring than the waters of Hippocrene; but she chose times for her harangues when the gentlemen were abroad, and, for the most part, concluded

cluded as soon as they were within hearing; and, indeed,—except in these occasional harangues, sometimes reinforced by manual exertions against the female servants and dependents, and bearing away some trophies of heir, caps, handkerchiefs, &c. and leaving monuments of the force of the weapons which she wore at the end of her fingers,—she was metamorphosed into a very pleasant woman.

One term of her rhetoric gave very unseasonable umbrage to its objects, as she certainly meant it as a compliment. Her female opponents she never failed to dignify with an assertion, that they belonged to that species from which she herself selected her greatest favourites.

CHAP. IV.

Return of Colonel Douglas and his Lady.—The Death of the old Gentleman.—Our Hero sent to School.

MEANWHILE the Major and his lady were with the regiment, which had, after the peace, been ordered to North America. Peace being concluded they were now ordered home, to the great joy of Major and Mrs. Douglas, who had a longing desire to see their parents and child.

His lady had brought the Major another son, who died an infant in the West Indies; and the following year a beautiful girl, now in her second year, whom they were eager to make known to her brother and friends. On their arrival in Britain they received the very agreeable intelligence that the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment was promoted, and succeeded by the Major.

It

It was now the month of August, and an annual fair was holding at the village of Tay Bank. Our hero was dressed in the Highland garb, and walking with his uncle in the street, within sight of the river Tay; when espying a chaise fording the river, at a little distance, he proposed to his uncle to go and see it, (chaises being, twenty years ago, rather rarities in the remote parts of Scotland.) Down they walked, and were within a few yards of the carriage, when a gentleman, springing from it, asked if he was not Charley Douglas; and, finding he was, ran with him in his arms to the chaise. Both father and mother were half smothering him with kisses and caresses when Mr. Douglas came up and partook of the happiness. The old gentleman heard of their arrival before they reached the house, and meeting them, as fast as the tardiness of eighty-four would suffer him, declared he should now die contented, since he had once more folded in his arms his beloved and admired son.

His

His daughter-in-law, and little granddaughter, partook of his affectionate embraces. Eleanora shewed great pleasure in her reception of the Colonel and his lady. Perhaps an unconcerned person might have discovered want of sincerity, and over-acting in her expressions and behaviour; but all the others present were too much engrossed with their present feelings to attend to hers.

Our hero, in whom every sentiment of respect and love to his aunts had been studiously and successfully instilled by his friends, shewed a sensibility and fondness which highly enhanced the delight with which they beheld him. He was, indeed, a very promising boy, though not viewed through the partial medium of affection, but by his grandfather and uncle esteemed superior to all of his age or country.

They recounted and celebrated many a saying and action of Charles, which were such as might be expected from any sensible well-disposed child of four years old,
but

but to the amiable exaggeration of parental prepossession, appeared unquestionable proofs of astonishing talents and goodness. Miss Nell constrained herself also to speak well of her nephew, except sometimes when overpowered by the deity who, as the poet sings, makes secrets more transparent than glass.

Indeed she was daily disliking him more, and that not more on account of his descent than for personal considerations. The uncle who was, though a worthy good-natured man, a great lover of what is termed fun, initiated his nephew in a number of little mischievous pranks, which neither his grandfather nor parents would have relished, had they made part of his history. He directed the efforts of his genius, particularly against Nell and her favourites. He would make him silyly steal and hide aunt's brandy bottle, which was generally in a closet adjoining her bed, and the key often in a hurry forgotten. Nell, who knew that neither her dogs, cats,

cats, nor brandy, were acceptable to her father, did not choose to take notice of these tricks, which she easily discovered when she returned to her recollection, but hated the boy more and more for them, and magnified all his other little pranks, even those which did not bring her favourite objects and pursuits into discussion.

The old gentleman and his heir vied with one another in shewing their esteem for the Colonel and his lady. Nell, though except when in the predicament above hinted at, she made many professions of kindness to that couple, more, indeed, than all their friends put together; really bitterly envied them the esteem and regard which she could not in spite of herself but see were entertained for them by all their acquaintances. She devised many stratagems to injure them with their father, and create dissention between them and their elder brother, but to no purpose: as all the family knew Nell perfectly,

her

her attempts, which her own folly always betrayed, gave very little disturbance.

The Colonel and his lady spent much of their time at Tay Bank and Loch Castle, and the rest at various towns in Scotland, in which the regiment was at different times quartered.—Charles, at six years old, was put under the schoolmaster of the parish to be prepared for a public school.

This preceptor was a man of good sense and great integrity, and, though he did not profess to have much classical erudition, was thoroughly qualified for finishing commercial, and teaching the elements of literary education. Under this gentleman, Charles displayed vigorous parts, and a desire of improvement. Mr. Practice, the master, had that very useful preceptorial qualification, a penetrating insight into juvenile characters, so as to know how to work on different tempers and dispositions, and excite them to learning and good behaviour. In his retired seminary were many young men founded, and several edu-
cated,

cated, who have made, and make, a respectable figure in life.

In our hero, Mr. Practice soon discovered that spirit of emulation which, joined with ability, guided by judgement, and directed to the best objects, never fails to produce beneficial effects; to this principle he applied with skill and success. Charles made a rapid progress in the elementary parts of education.

His emulation did not confine itself to learning, but extended to personal prowess. He was soon by far the best wrestler and leaper of his age, and, before he was nine years of age, had made considerable progress in the art of boxing, under the tuition and superintendence of a serjeant who had belonged to his father's regiment, and, naturally strong, had acquired great skill and dexterity in his intercourse with English soldiers. The serjeant, who had seen Broughton fight, declared he had no doubt that Charles would equal that celebrated champion. To encourage him he
often

often recited instances of his father's prowess, "who, though the best tempered gentleman that ever a soldier served under, yet, by G—d, would not bear an insult from no man, and one day gave a devil of a drubbing to a coal-heaver, who ran against him on purpose to spoil his dress, as he was taking boat at Hungerford Stairs, for Vauxhall; and another time at Ormond Quay, beat a scoundrel of an Irish bog-trotter, a hugeous fellow, who was abusing the chaplain." Though the Colonel had sometimes been provoked to exercise, against vulgar insolence, the extraordinary strength which he possessed, yet he was far from approving of systematic bruising, and when he came to find Charles had been regularly initiated in the art, and was eager to become a pugilistic champion, though he could not be angry with the serjeant for what he meant well—desired him rather to instruct the boy in the use of the broad-sword, which would still
more

more strengthen his arms, without so much tempting him to be quarrelsome.

“ An’ please your honour, there is na a man in the hale army mair milder than yoursell, and de’il a stronger man, or a better feighter there is in it, na in our ain auld forty second itsell, tho’ mony a clever fallow there is in it; however, sin your honour will hae’d sae, I’ll teach the law-die the gude braid sword. Charlie Mac-avig and I very aften taaks a bout at it, that gars us mind auld long syne, when we followed your honour up the heights of Abrahaam.—Ah, these were bra’ times. By G—d, gin that brave boy live to man’s estate, he’ll be as stout a tall well-bigget a man as your honour’s sell.”

Besides the serjeant, Charles had another instructor in the gymnastic exercises in his uncle, who was delighted with his nephew’s prowess, and prophesied he would turn out an honour to the family; for that his brothers, and HE HIMSELF, had been just such others. He often prompted
young

young Charles, who, though generous and good-natured, was himself sufficiently inclined to exert his prowess, being warm, impetuous, and easily irritated.—Aunt Nell took advantage of the bloody noses and black eyes which our hero often bore about with him as monuments of his combats, to attack as proud and rancorous, a turn of mind she imputed to the foolish fondness of his parents and friends ; and, when these were not present, to his maternal origin.

Little Charles, when very young, displayed a quick conception of inconsistency and absurdity, and the dawnings of that humour which is one natural exercise of a penetrating and discriminating understanding, combined with a lively imagination.—His uncle, who, though by no means a man of that species of humour which requires discernment into character, and the power of exposing its inconsistencies and follies, was fond of jokes and fun ; he therefore also superintended these essays of
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his nephew's talents, while in his boyish years, directed to obvious absurdities only, and thus, hitherto, not penetrating beyond the observation of James himself, which through life was confined to the surface of things. He continued to encourage the boy to turn Nell into ridicule; no difficult undertaking, as her follies were so very glaring. But aunt Nell was far from being the only butt of the juvenile satire. The plebeian Highlanders are generally acute and intelligent. In that part of the country they are active, honest, and, in their religion, hold a rational medium between the fanaticism of *seceding sectaries*! and the infidelity of Painites; an infidelity, by the bye, happily for them, totally unknown among the lower Scotch at the period we are recording. The principal luxury and source of excess among the Highland commonality is whisky. Not a bargain is made, not a debt is paid,* except over this in-

* See the Reverend Alexander Stewart's report of his parish of Moulin, in the statistical account of Scotland.

spiring beverage. The very frequent repetitions of these libations, which even the recurrence of such transactions, besides weddings, fairs, holidays, and accidental meetings, must produce, seldom fail to form a habit of drinking whisky.

The Highlands of Scotland, notwithstanding the disadvantages of the climate, is fertile in the production of men. In no country does population bear a greater proportion to cultivated or arable ground. The narrow glens and straths overflow with people, of whom many descend to the low countries, where their activity and enterprize, displayed in military or civil exertions, bring to themselves honour and riches, and greatly contribute to the defence and improvement of the country. Many, however, stop in those parts of the plain country which are adjacent to their respective districts in the Highlands. There, after sojourning some time, and saving some money as servants and mechanics, they often return to settle in their
native

native land, their original character considerably changed by the mixture of adventitious notions, doctrines, and sentiments of their late places of residence. Many parts of the Lowlands of Scotland are infested with sects of fanatics, dissenters from the doctrines of the established church, under the denomination of *seceders*.* “ These acknowledge no earthly head of the church, reject lay-patronage, and maintain the methodist doctrines of the new birth, the new light, the efficacy of grace, the insufficiency of works, and the operations of the spirit.” Their political principles are as absurd as their religious, and, if not well watched, would be very dangerous. They have imbibed the anti-monarchical and levelling doctrines of the independent fanatics of the last century, and, whenever occasion offered, manifested a disposition to sedition and tumult. While more penetrating and pro-

* See Humphrey Clinker, in a letter of Jerry Melford, from Edinburgh, giving an account of the occupations of his aunt Tabby Bramble.

found observers perceived in them the principles of rebellion, which opportunity only was wanting to call into action,* and which the vigilance of government only could prevent, their religious dogmata were the marks, by which they were principally distinguished. The difference of these, and of the consequent habits and manners from those of the votaries of the establishment, was obvious to the most superficial observer. As many of the Highland sojourners on the return to their own countries imported a cargo of secederism; and as their new mode did not altogether destroy the old, the mix-

* It may be objected to this description, that the seceders did not join in the rebellions of 1715 nor 1745, but it must be remembered that the object of that rebellion was a change of monarchy, not *an abolition of monarchy*, consequently, did not suit *their principles and views*. Of late years they have been, in Scotland, the most active propagators of Paine's political doctrines; and have constituted the majority of seditious societies, and, among others, that of the UNITED SCOTCHMEN, the intended imitators of the *United Irishmen*.

ture of secederian gloom and Highland gaity and conviviality in the same character formed a contrast which never failed to draw upon its subjects the ridicule of the observing, acute, and open mountaineers. As these are generally men of very strong, though not refined, humour, their strictures either compel the convert of secederism to abandon his cant, or to return to districts more favourable to gloom, enthusiasm, hypocrisy, fraud, repugnance to order and regular government; the religious, moral, and political characteristics of Scotch seceders. Mr. James Douglas had contracted a very great dislike to all religionists, because, when he was recruiting in a village called Aughterarder, the elders of the parish, who, though professedly presbyterians, had imbibed a great portion of the austerity of the swarms of seceders which over-ran that neighbourhood, had given him a great deal of trouble. As the seceders most severely reprobate all frailties of the flesh, UNLESS CONFINED AMONG THE ELECT THEMSELVES,

SELVES, or, if extended to others, so *concealed* as not to occasion any scandal, so did the elders of Aughterar. An intrigue of James having the usual consequence, these persons had persecuted and harrassed him until he was glad to appease their wrath by the most effectual means, a round sum of money. As the elders themselves were not remarkable for their own personal virtue, James had formed an opinion worthy of such a reasoner, that all men of extraordinary strictness and appearance of sanctity were hypocrites. From this idea he, though really a very good-natured man, and by no means a meddler in other people's concerns, became a very keen pryer into the lives and conversation of all professed saints; and held up to public ridicule the foibles which saints possess in common with other sinners. The noviciates of secederism he carefully watched, and instigated young Charles to expose their pretended piety. An incident that happened at this time we shall relate to the reader, both as it displays the effects

of Charley's invention, and as it called forth just and important observations from the wisest and best of our hero's friends.

In a country village in Scotland, next to the Laird, the Parson, the writer (*i. e.* Attorney) and the Schoolmaster, comes the Exciseman. In the Highlands, where whisky is the favourite potion, an Exciseman, formerly, was a man of greater comparative consequence, as on his moderation, (connivance,) before regular distilleries were established and limited, depended the cheapness of what they emphatically termed *the water of life*. The Exciseman of Loch Castle, the adjoining parish, besides his professional ability in gauging the barrels, was eminently distinguished for psalmody, and was a very great amateur of that species of music. A writer of very extraordinary genius observes, that there is as strong a moral impulse in man to propagate his opinions, as a physical to propagate his kind; there is also a very powerful propensity in the human mind to
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communicate its acquirements, especially while new. Never did zealot work more strenuously to make converts than Mr. Measurecask to make psalm singers. His official capacity was of considerable use to him in facilitating his purpose, as dealers in whisky were disposed to oblige the gauger by studying the art which he recommended. His lessons, however, were not equally attended to out of his own district. In the neighbouring village of Tay Bank, his professional brother, not having equal talents *for concerts of sacred music*, another person officiated as deputy professor of the art. This was James Macfarlane, a weaver, who, having been long a journeyman in the county town, had become a seceder, and being now returned to his native parish was renowned for long prayers and short measures. His prayers were generally performed in a lime-kiln. This answered a double purpose, as the kiln was near a path which led to a whisky house, so he was sure of being overheard by some of the neigh-

bours resorting to their evening potations, and was frequently invited to partake, while he in return for the good cheer, like the worthy elder of Glasgow, in Newte's Tour, over his cups lectured on sobriety. It was also said that he had often private conferences in the scene of his devotion, with an Egeria; although he did not, like Numa, boast of the nocturnal meetings. He probably was more of the opinion of Mr. Square the philosopher, as delivered to Mr. Jones in Molly Seagrim's apartment, that "things are fitting to be done which are not fitting to be boasted of." This holy shuttle-driver, under the auspices of Mr. Measurecask, betook himself to the teaching of psalmody. He had, indeed, made greater progress in the art which he undertook to teach, than many teachers about London have done in the various branches which they have professed to communicate, for he actually knew something of its rudiments. In a country village whatever is new attracts with as much force as in a populous

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lous city. Macfarlane got together disciples of both sexes to his evening concerts. The ferryman left his hoarse roaring to bellow at the *Martyrs*; the bell-man his cracked bell to quaver at *St. Ann's*; the blacksmith his bellows, to blow at the *London New*. The members of the society styled themselves the sweet singers of Israel. Those of the country people who happened not to be *initiated*, used to ridicule the sacred meeting. After it had continued for some months, a visible change in some of the females afforded new grounds for their jokes. Had the long-cared animal, so common in other countries, been equally familiar to the Highlanders, they might have found out a resemblance between his love-notes and the devotional strains of the men, especially of the leader of the band. That holy person's nasal twang closely resembled the sound which heretofore caused such disaster to Sancho Pancha, when, preparing to be a *governor*, he exhibited his skill in *braying*. The Highlanders took

their similies from objects with which they were more conversant. They found a striking similarity between the male strains, and those of the husband of the flock, when in the autumnal season, freed from restraint, he sings his love to his destined mate: the females, in the refinements of their tones, imitated that melodious treble in which the feline kind express their amorous transports. The musical societies increased, and became *affiliated*; their SECRET COMMITTEES, however, tended neither to revolutions nor massacres: they led to the increase, not the diminution, of the human race.

The young incomers paternity being a point difficult to ascertain, were called the children of the music. The meetings, and their effects, did not escape the observation of Charles, who looked on such saintship as a very fair subject of ridicule. Being now in the eleventh year of his age, he was ambitious to rest on his own invention in contriving some plan for exposing it without

out the assistance of his uncle. Knowing the beadle to be inimical to the psalm-singers, as he apprehended they were in the way of becoming seceders, and so diminishing his perquisites, Charles had recourse to his ministry. The beadle, by his directions, arrayed his person, which was a very tall one, in a large piece of black cloth, (called a mort cloth, from its use, being thrown over coffins in their way to the grave.) Over this he fastened an ox's hide and horns, an aperture of the hide was left, through which a lighted pole, covered with brimstone, and so burning blue, projected. The cottages in the Highlands were formerly, instead of a chimney, furnished with an old cask, resembling the pitchers of the Danaides; through this cask, as the fire was in the centre of the hovel, it was an easy matter to see from the top what was going on in the house. Many of the cottages being on the slope of a hill were, behind, all roof, and thatched, so that they were easy of ascent. Thus any curious neigh-

bour might often have the same privilege as the devil on two sticks heretofore imparted to his friend at Madrid. One night as the musical cognoscenti were assembled in Macfarlane's mansion, which was of the form and position just described, Charles and a comrade mounted to the chimney, while the beadle waited at the door. On the preconcerted signal, Charles, through a small speaking trumpet, called out, "Macfarlane! Macfarlane! the devil is in search of you!" This the devil confirmed with a tremendous roar. The company were all confounded, and some dreadfully terrified. Charles having, during their astonishment, thrown down great quantities of powder of brimstone, called out, "Macfarlane! Macfarlane! if you are really a saint your fire will burn white, if a hypocrite, blue!" Turning to the fire, the singers, to their amazement and terror, beheld blue flames. They would have all run out, but a roar more hideous than before rivetted them to their places. The voice from above again
called

called out, "Ye sincere, dread not ! ye insincere, tremble !" Poor Macfarlane shook as if under the pressure of an ague fit. The devil forced open the door, no difficult effort, as there was no lock, (which would have been a very useless expence if intended for the security of effects,) and made his way into the apartment in which the singers were assembled : not the only apartment in the house, as there was a smaller one occupied by hogs. As the devil entered, breathing fire and brimstone, Charles calls, "Hold, devil ! whoever confesses truly and fully will I withhold from you." The devil called, "Humph !" as if displeased with the attempt to bail out those whom he had arrested. "Confess, in a loud voice, ye sinners," said our hero, and leaving the trumpet, with proper directions, with another, he himself being arrayed in a white garment, made out of an old gown of his mother's, and his face covered, descended to hear the confession, and entered the house. "Confess," called the voice from above, "to this

messenger, who will protect the neighbours from the power of Belzebub." The devil growled, and made a snatch at the blacksmith, whose sooty complexion resembled his own, but was checked by a sharp stroke from a white rod from our young angel. The confessions of the greater number did not bring forward any guilt beyond that of too great relish for the water of life, and some incidental frailties of the flesh. Most of the younger persons, of both sexes, acknowledged certain offences of such a kind that one sin served two sinners, but alledged, in their own vindication, Macfarlane had assured them, that if they joined him in psalms and prayers, with their pure spirit, it was of no consequence what they did with their impure bodies; and that, if they had faith, their works were immaterial. They declared that they thought this a very pleasing doctrine, as it allowed full scope to their inclinations, but, when they reflected, began to fear it was not true. Macfarlane, being thoroughly frightened,
entered

entered into a long detailed confession of fraud and profligacy, which shewed him to have most completely adopted and followed both the speculative and practical principles of the seceders ; and entirely undid his authority among the psalmodists and other neighbours. Our hero was elated with his successful exposure of pretended sanctity. His uncle, on hearing the whole story, looked on the contrivance as a most extraordinary effect of genius.

At this time Colonel Douglas, who had been preferred to the command of one of the new regiments raised soon after the capture of Burgoyne, was seldom at Tay Bank, being engaged in superintending the discipline of his corps while in Scotland, and afterwards having accompanied it to Hilsea Barracks. The old gentleman was now too infirm to be able accurately to observe the progress of Charles's education, and the disposition and character of mind which it had a tendency to form. Parochial duties, which, though in the decline
of

of life, he still vigorously performed, prevented Mr. Longhead from that close attention to Charles which would have been necessary to form a just estimate of his mind. Satisfied with viewing the attainments of his understanding, and the benevolence of his disposition, he had long overlooked opinions and habits which required alteration. Left chiefly to the superintendence of James, young Charles had imbibed two very dangerous notions, 1st. That the surest test of ability was the power of turning others to ridicule. 2dly. That all appearance of sanctity was hypocrisy; and, therefore, that sanctity was the best subject of ridicule, and that its votaries were the best objects for the display of ability. James had by no means intended to give Charles these notions, but as it has often been observed that fools do more mischief than knaves, as they do it gratuitously, the encouragement and instruction of James had really led to their formation.

In the exultation which Charles discovered at the recital of the exposure of the saints,

saints, as his uncle and he called it, and in the discourse to which it gave occasion, Mr. Longhead discovered the erroneous and pernicious ideas of his grandson. He privately mentioned them to old Mr. Douglas; and it was agreed between the two grandfathers that it was necessary, as soon as possible, to eradicate such opinions. Mr. Longhead took his grandson with him for some weeks to Loch Castle; and, as the boy had a very vigorous understanding, made a considerable progress in effecting the desired change. He convinced him of the folly of concluding that, because several pretenders to religion are wicked, therefore, all are so: he called in the boy's pride to his aid, by expressing his surprize that such sense as his could admit so false and feeble reasoning. With respect to ridicule, he represented to him, that though men of strong parts might occasionally use that weapon, it was not that which they most frequently employed, and by which they were most eminently distin-

disting-

distinguished. That the flippant and superficial had usually a much greater inclination for ridicule than the able and wise. Ridicule, he said, was the skirmishing of light troops, quite inefficient against the regular discipline of heavy armed forces.

Mr. Longhead saw another disadvantage incurred by Charles from his situation at Tay Bank; as he was the principal personage at school, he had begun to form over-weaning notions of his own consequence. Mr. Longhead recommended a more public education; both he and the old gentleman wrote to the Colonel, then at Edinburgh, to that effect, and it was determined that he should be removed to the capital at the expiration of the vacation, which was to commence in a month.

The greater part of the intermediate time Charles spent with Mr. Longhead, who not only attended to the usual routine of his education, but endeavoured to give him a turn for investigation and reflection, and to lay the foundation of those most impor-

important intellectual habits of accurate examination and induction. These lessons he endeavoured to impress by easy and familiar instances.

“James M‘Farlane,” he would tell his grandson, “is, I believe, a great scoundrel, although he professes to be religious; but do you know the dispositions, lives, and conduct of many professors of religion? Unless you know a great many indeed, and, of these, the greater number to be wicked—your conclusion is rash, and, for ought you know, wrong. There’s our neighbour, over the way, he is a dunce, although a Highlander. What should you think of any one that reasoned so? Mr. Thickhead, a Highland dunuasel—is a dunce; therefore, all Highland gentlemen are the same.”

“Any one who should speak in that way would speak like a fool,” says Charles. “Not more than one who should say that, because a professor of religion was a hypocrite, all were such.”

Soon after the resolution of sending Charles from home, the old gentleman, who

who had^o for some months been declining in health, was taken extremely ill. An express was dispatched to Edinburgh for the Colonel and his lady, who arrived just in time to receive the dying benediction of the good old man. Concerned as they were at the expected loss of their parent, they were much delighted with viewing the sensibility of our hero, who had an exquisite fondness, and a proud admiration for him whose name he bore. When his children, and grandchildren, were assembled round his bed, he gave them severally such appropriate exhortations as he thought would be most conducive to their welfare. "You, my dear little boy," he said to our hero, "are a very clever, and, what is better, a very good, boy. I hope, in God, you will long enjoy the superintending care of your wise and good father, your sensible and amiable mother. The dangerous duties of his profession may prematurely deprive you of the paternal protection of one of its most glorious members,

Should

Should that melancholy event take place, be you, my beloved grandson, the guardian of your young sister. Suffer no one to hurt her; this is the last dying request of your idolizing grandfather." The boy, who had been all the while sobbing at the idea of parting with his revered grandfather for ever, at these words assumed a firm tone, and with a resolute countenance cried, "Suffer any one to hurt my sister! not—" said he, clenching his fist, a very strong one for his age, "while I have strength and life to take her part!" A gleam of pleasure flashed across the dimm'd face of the old man. At length, being nearly exhausted, he took hold of his admired and beloved son, the Colonel. "Now, my brave, my accomplished Charles, I am to bid you a long farewell; I am just ending a life, which the contemplation of your excellence has been the chief means of prolonging. You will, if not prematurely snatched from your friends, family, and country, arrive at the head of your profession. Amidst the
honours

honours which you will continue to accumulate, you will never think it a degradation to be my son. May your Charles be like my Charles—" He would have proceeded, but his strength failed; he lived a few hours, unable to speak, and expired, aged ninety, in July, 1780, loved and revered by all his friends, dependents, and neighbours. A handsome monument was erected to his memory, with an elegant inscription by the Colonel; but the remembrance of his virtues was the most pleasing and instructive monument.

CHAP. V.

Our Hero sent to the High School of Edinburgh—
Description of that Seminary.—Our Hero's Progress.—Dispute with Master Theodore Dip.—
Public Examination.

SOME days after the funeral of Mr. Douglas his will was examined. It bequeathed the landed property, unincumbered, to the heir at law. The pecuniary was equally divided among the other children, after deducting legacies of three hundred pounds each to our hero and his sister.

Mr. James Douglas, now Laird of Tay Bank, wished his nephew to remain with him and to be educated under his eye by a private tutor. He was resolved, he said, never to marry, as he was already near fifty, and he did not suppose his brother in India would marry more than he; that, therefore, he had no doubt, but the Colonel, and, after him, Charles, would be proprietor of the estate.

estate. He therefore thought that it was best for Charles to be brought up on the estate which would hereafter be his own. The Colonel by no means coincided with this reasoning, knowing that if the succession to the property were a certainty, instead of a contingency, the very worst place for a young man's education is home: besides, although the Laird was a well-disposed man, he was far from being qualified to superintend the tuition of a youth; he was a man of a very moderate understanding, and still less learning, consequently, could not judge of a charge's improvement. He was, moreover, not altogether exemplary in his religious principles. The severity of the Aughterarder elders, before recorded, had made him take a rapid stride to unbelief. These sentiments he had concealed from his father, but not from the Colonel. He was furnished with all the jokes against the Scriptures which the inferior classes of Deists have parrotted time out of mind, {and which Thomas Paine has since com-
piled

piled to make up his Age of Reason,) such as Moses's order respecting the Midianites, the Deuteronomical exclusion from the congregation of God, Sampson's foxes, David and Bathsheba, the Song of Solomon, Isaiah's denunciation against the follies of women, Jonas in the whale's belly, the woman that was caught in the fact, Mary Magdalene and her devils, &c.

About this time James in his heresy had two prompters: the first and oldest was Duncan M'Gregor, who had been a gardener with David Hume; the second, and most powerful, was, strange to tell, a preacher, the Reverend William Strongbrain. This Reverend Gentleman was the son of a tenant to a nobleman. The Earl having heard and found William to be a boy of good parts, took upon himself the care of his education; destined him to the clerical profession, in itself respectable, and, by his Lordship, very much respected. William was sent to college, where, from the force of his genius he easily distinguished himself,

himself, although he passed a good deal of his time in convivial parties, and in the company of the fair sex. David Hume had, at this time, set the heads of the young literati of Scotland a-gog after infidelity. William, able as he was, did not completely resist Humean principles. As, however, heterodoxy was considered as the most useful ingredient in a Presbyterian teacher, William had the address, for a considerable time, to conceal both his theory and practice from his noble patron, and was sufficiently cautious to abstain from a confession of faith, except to those whom he knew to have the same articles of belief as himself. The Laird and he happening to meet at his Lordship's country seat, an acquaintance commenced. William was invited to Tay Bank. The Laird was wonderfully delighted with William's conversation, as was William with the Laird's good cheer. William had really a great deal of humour, and could adapt it to the taste of either able or weak,

weak, learned or unlearned, companies. Though not very elegant in his figure and appearance, (being much such another as thick parson Thwaccum, recorded by Fielding,) yet he hid a great deal of address, and so long completely disguised his foibles, as to be a favourite with almost all the clergy. This worthy member of the church of Christ completely ended any little religion the Laird had left. The Laird's vanity was much flattered, as, by remembering and retailing Strongbrain's jokes, he himself passed for a wit with some of the country gentlemen. The Colonel took the the very earliest opportunity of removing his son from the constant company of the Laird, and the frequent visits of his friend William. We shall, for the present, take our leave of these two gentlemen, hoping to meet with them again, especially with the latter (as every one must hope, who has ever been in company with him,) and attend our hero.

The Colonel placed his son at the high
VOL. I. F school

school of Edinburgh. No seminary can be better adapted to the various purposes of education than that to which Charles was sent.

There are five masters, the Rector and four others; each has a class for which he is responsible. The several under masters conduct the boys who begin the rudiments until they are qualified to read Horace and Livy, a proficiency which lads of ordinary capacity (especially if their parents do not happen to live in town, or to interrupt their studies by misjudged pernicious fondness,) attain in four years—the fifth, they enter the head master's class, in which, continuing two years, they are fit for the University. The continuance of the boys under the same master for so long a time in that stage of their progress in which they depend most upon the teacher, tends greatly to accelerate their advancement in knowledge.

The same master will, from his knowledge of the talents and dispositions of his
several

several scholars, from adherence to the same plan and mode of execution, always be a more useful teacher to those scholars than a different master equally qualified. The salaries of the masters are inconsiderable, but they receive a certain sum from each scholar. The number of the scholars depends upon the merit and fame of the teacher, and, to a gentleman of whom they approve, parents pay more than the established quarterage. Thus the masters have the most powerful motives of exertion, because success promotes their own character and interest.

They have an additional motive to exertion in the tenure by which they hold their places. They are chosen by the town council, and are, therefore, not the servants of the superior, removeable at his pleasure, whilst on the one hand, the under masters are exempted from that state of dependence which would lessen their respectability with the boys, and, consequently, the effect of their instructions; on the other, the superior

rior is invested with all the power necessary to preserve uniformity of plan, vigorous execution, and complete order. He is empowered to examine the classes of the other masters whenever he judges it expedient. If he sees any deficiency, to reprehend the teacher privately, or, if it be considerable, to report it to the Magistrates, who, if they find the complaint to be just, inflict a proper censure or punishment. Thus the power of the superior is sufficient for the attainment of the object for which it is intrusted to him, without being so great as to enable him to follow caprice, or gratify insolence. The honour and interest of the Magistrates is concerned in the ability and skill of the master, as leading to the welfare of their own children in the goodness of their education, and the advantage of the city by the character of the school. The masters, therefore, know that their continuance in their places depends upon the performance of their professional duties. They are not like dependent ushers, often
desirous

desirous of leaving their appointments; they know they are secure while they act properly; in fact, changes rarely take place. Persevering in the same plan, wisely concerted, vigorously executed, and under the same directors, the boys, in a short time, become excellent scholars.

Here then was our hero placed, and soon displayed on a large stage that quickness of apprehension, retentive memory, and vigorous understanding, which had before procured him the applause of a smaller circle. He had made such proficiency under his village perceptor that he was declared fit for the fourth form. Fortunately for him there were in the same class many other boys of considerable abilities and diligence, which made it extremely difficult to attain the first place, and to preserve it if attained. To stimulate the young men by the desire of public approbation and applause, they are annually examined, in the presence of the Magistrates, Lawyers, Clergy, and other Gentlemen of the first respectability,

bility, in the classics, history, antiquities, geography, and other important subjects according to their standing. The examination is very strict so as to ascertain, with the greatest accuracy, the various species and degrees of individual, and the sum of general, proficiency. The boys are ranked according to their merits; the most distinguished receive prizes; the captain of the form is styled *DUX*. Our hero, at the first examination, was fourth *DUX*; at the last, was first, or captain of the school.

With superiority in his literary pursuits, our hero was not contented. He excelled most youths of his age in all athletic exercises; at fives, leaping, wrestling, and boxing, Charles was eminently skilful and dexterous. This last mentioned qualification he had often occasion to exert, because, though generous and good-natured, he was irascible, and ready to vindicate his own rights, or those of others inadequate to the task. He was the strenuous pro-
tector

lector of inferiority against oppression. But accurately distinguished between inferiority arising from bodily weakness, or any other cause not depending on the party's own will and dispositions. Cowards he contemned, and never interfered in their favour, unless to chastise the insolence of stronger cowards, or to ward off flagrant injustice. His notions of justice were so exact, that he was generally chosen one of the umpires for settling differences. Should the party against whom the decision was made complain, Charles would offer to refer the question to any two other boys, of known talents, for such discussions; if that was not accepted he would appeal to his fist, declaring he would enforce his sentence, passed in consequence of his requested interference, unless fairly reversed.

His father and mother had been absent during the last year of his being at the high school, and they were returned to be present at the examination of their son. They were charmed to find him very much

improved in the various branches of useful and ornamental education, and that the vigour and gracefulness of his person corresponded with the force and elegance of his mind. One day they were conversing on the play ground with the head master, and were receiving from his account all the pleasure which fond parents, judges of education, could derive from the high promise of a son; when their little girl, who was by them, and eagerly looking for her brother, screamed out. Alarmed at her cries, her parents turned about, and saw Charles all covered with blood—"Good heavens, my dearest boy," said his mother, "who has so bruised you."

"Nobody, mother, I am not bruised."

"What, Sir," called the tutor, "you have been fighting. I have often warned you not to be so easily provoked. But come, Colonel, do not let us pre-judge the cause," adding in a whisper, "my life for it, Charles was not the aggressor."

On

On enquiry they found the case to be this: there was, in a lower class than our hero's, a boy of the name of Wilson, an excellent scholar, the son of a worthy country clergyman, who had died, leaving his widow and children in distressed circumstances. A contest had taken place between Wilson, and a very consequential young personage, master Theodore Dip. Master Theodore was the son of Mr. Jacob Dip, formerly a tallow-chandler near the Seven Dials in London, who, having made a considerable fortune, was prevailed upon by his wife to retire from business, and be a *gemman*. Mrs. Dip had once been waiting maid to a Scotch lady, from whom she had heard a great deal in praise of Edinburgh, and took it into her head that it would be the best place they could fix on for fashionable society. She herself was very fond of gentility, and had endeavoured to inspire her husband with the same passion, but found him a most unpromising pupil. She imputed his backwardness to the vulgar com-

pany with which he was in the habit of associating after the fatigues of business, and concluded that, by changing the scene, he might change his manners. As to her own behaviour and deportment she did not apprehend that they required the smallest alteration. She had, from the time that her husband began to be independent in his circumstances, dropt all intercourse with her neighbours of Monmouth and Great St. Andrew Streets, and confined her intimacies to the *ladies* of women of fashion and quality. From them she derived equal knowledge of the history, adventures, and manners of persons of fashion and rank; as heretofore did the illustrious 'Squire Western, of politics, from the landlord of the Hercules Pillars, near Hyde Park Corner. - She had greatly improved herself in those airs by which waiting gentlewomen are so eminently distinguished, and which they and their imitators suppose to be graces; nor was she without the literary improvement which
may

may be attained from the company and conversation of such personages. She was deeply conversant in novels, and had picked up some scraps of French from the Mademoiselle Slipslops, whose visits constituted her greatest delight. Her graces and accomplishments she often displayed in the street, to the great envy of some, and ridicule of others, of her old acquaintances, whose strictures she professed most thoroughly to despise; and one day that Mrs. Bark, (the lady of a gentleman of Monmouth Street, distinguished for the loud and vehement oratory in which he daily, hourly, and minutely, recommended to passengers to improve their dress,) formerly his most intimate friend, sneered and tittered as she walked past their shop in company with Mrs. Secondhand. Mrs. Dip, with a dignified composure, remarked to her companion, that she always, instead of being angry, pitied *them* low, illiterate creatures.

“ I always, my dear Mrs. Secondhand,

computes their behaviour to their ignorance."

Edinburgh, she had often heard, was a place in which there was *the most genteel* society, and she expected that she could equal Scotch ladies of fashion in elegance, as she could equal many of them in expence. To display, therefore, her own *high* attainments and importance, and detach Jacob from his *low* habits and connections, she made a point of his settling in the Caledonian capital. Mr. Dip, having owed his supposed eminence exclusively to money, considered it as almost the sole source of excellence, and cherished the same sentiments in his children. His only son was at the high school, excessively vulgar, ignorant, and, where he durst, insolent.

Our hero, who, besides his talents and abilities, had the sentiments and manners of a gentleman's son, thoroughly despised master Dip. He had, indeed, the feelings common to Scotch Highlanders of family,
contemned

contemned opulence, when the result of the meanest qualities, and connected with the most vulgar habits. He had frequently checked the overbearing arrogance of this purse-proud plebeian. In the present case, a dispute at fives between Dip and Wilson was referred to Charles: he determined, according to justice, in favour of Wilson. Dip, enraged at this decision, going up, damned Wilson for a scoundrel, in contending, when only the son of a poor beggarly parson, and without a whole coat to his back, with the son of a *gentleman*, who had more ready money than most of the Scotch nobles; and, finally, struck him.

Charles, hastily interfering, told Mr. Theodore, that he was prudent in valuing himself for money, as it was, and must be, the only source of his distinction; that neither his birth, knowledge, nor manners, entitled him to the name of gentleman, whereas, Wilson's did him. "By G—d, if a purse-proud illiterate blockhead, of a
low

low tradesman, wants to puff himself off as a man of rank and consequence, he ought to keep himself among *his own set*, and not presume to intermingle with gentlemen."

"You are a mean paltry fellow, in upbraiding a boy of his poverty, which he cannot help; cowardly in attacking one so much weaker than yourself, without provocation; and an arrant fool in supposing that a just decision will be altered, because it does not please you." Dip, now turned to Charles his abuse, and was as much more *fluent*, as he was less *discriminating*. A blow from Charles, was a forcible answer. Dip, who was two years older, and a big lad, replied in the same language, but not with equal energy.

Dip swore most, Charles hit hardest, and compelled him to yield, but not until he had made his face all over blood, good part of which was returned in grappling to himself, and passed with his alarmed mother for his own. The Colonel could not blame
a battle

a battle that had arisen from so generous a motive. The Rector threatened to have Dip, whose general insolence he well knew, and had often punished, severely flogged, but Charles and the Colonel interceded. Indeed he had already received a most severe drubbing. Mr. and Mrs. Dip complained of the wickedness of our hero for assaulting a young man of the fortune of Theodore Dip, merely because he had beat a boy without a six-pence, predicted ill of his monstrous notions of undervaluing people of consequence, and loudly censured both his father and the Rector for not discouraging such ideas and practices. The lady of Mr. Dip was still more enraged, on account of one effect of the beating, it had hindered her sweet and graceful Theodore (a great lubberly chuckle-head) from exhibiting himself at an approaching ball, in dancing *corvillons* with his cousin, Miss Rug, the daughter of Mrs. Dip's brother, an eminent slop-seller in Ratcliffe Highway, who, partly by his

profession,

profession, and partly by the death of a rich brother-in-law, had become a topping man; and had sent his wife and daughter to visit their friends, the Dips, in Edinburgh.

Soon after this adventure the important day of examination arrived. The youth were all assembled, the love of praise, and fear of disappointment, striking at once their throbbing hearts.

“ ————— Exultantia que haurit,

“ Corda pavor pulsans; laudumque arrecta cupido.”

They survey the whole company; but most anxiously consulted the countenances of their masters, friends, and parents.

“ ————— Consessumque oculosque suorum,

“ Lustravere. —————”

From their smiles they received, at once, reward and encouragement. They underwent a very rigid examination in their respective classes, and then, *as always*, the
high

high school scholars acquired the greatest fame, both to their instructors and themselves.* In the highest class, containing many bright boys, our hero shone eminently conspicuous. His father, mother, and masters received the warm congratulations of every one for his knowledge and ability. In ornamental accomplishments he excelled in no less than in substantial

* At the high school of Edinburgh the masters are, like those of our great schools in England, appointed in consequence of their known preceptorial talents, so that their regular and constant successes in the usual course of things. Were all those, who undertake so important a task, as the education of youth, to undergo a strict scrutiny, it would tend to render boys, in other places as successful in their studies as they are in any of our great schools. To such an examination many masters of private academies could have no interest in objecting. The only interested opponents would be impostors. Such a regulation, no doubt, would lessen the number of schools, but would, in an equal proportion, increase their utility. It would invite a greater number of men of conscious talents and learning to the profession, when none of the profits were borne away by blockheads.

acquire-

acquirements; he could handle a foil or a cudgel as ably as describe the Roman mode of handling the sword; he could box and wrestle as skilfully as he could exactly explain the *lucta* and the *pancra-tia*. He could manage a fiery steed as well as give an account of the *discursus*; he had improved as fast under Mr. Aldrige in the use of his limbs, as under Doctor Adams in the use of his head. Deeply conversant in ancient Greek and German dances, he was no less skilled in the practice of the modern Scotch dances, and was the first of his schoolfellows at the reel, and hornpipe at the ball; as he had been at the examination in translating Livy's account of the *tripudium*.

CHAP. VI.

The Colonel and his Lady visit Tay Bank.—Affairs there.—A Misfortune befalls Mr. Strongbrain.—An Examination, by a Presbytery, for Incontinence.—Description of Charles Rhodomantade, Esq. of Rôjue Place.—Some Words concerning Fiction.

THE Laird still continued a bachelor. Miss Nell, as usual, superintended his domestic affairs. He had become a great farmer, and almost every forenoon was occupied in over-seeing his labourers. In the afternoon he generally bestowed an hour or two in field sports, and the evening he devoted to his bottle, of which he was become extremely fond. He generally made an alehouse in the village the scene of his potations in preference to his own house, in order to avoid Nell's eloquence, which was never more powerfully exerted than against *the beastly sin of drunkenness*.

James

James had, a year or two before, been deprived of his ingenious, able, and agreeable friend, Strongbrain.

The nobleman who had patronized that gentleman in his youth, although he meant well, did not take the steps which would have rendered such a mind as his most beneficial to himself and to society. The good Lord was a pious man, very much attached to the clergy, and had a great respect for that body. In destining William to be one of the members, he intended to place him in what he conceived the situation most fitted for his talents and character. Unfortunately he was mistaken. William was, by nature, best adapted for a situation in which advancement should follow ability. Had his patron educated him for the Scottish bar, he might, and most probably would, have risen to be at its head ; and would have not only, by his quickness, acuteness, and strength of understanding, together with the most retentive memory, comprehended all the varieties

ties of law and decision, and perceived their bearings in any given case, but through the details of statute, decree, and custom, would have risen to the philosophy of jurisprudence.

Sed dis aliter visum.

Had abilities as certainly tended to aggrandize their possessor in the church of Scotland as in the law, his character, dispositions, and habits were by no means so fitted for the one as the other. William was not only of a very convivial turn, but addicted to pleasure and dissipation. He might, notwithstanding these foibles, have risen in the Scotch law, but must be degraded in the Scotch church. A man, without being scrupulously chaste, may, perhaps, rise to be Lord Chancellor of England, but dont let him aspire to be moderator of the Presbytery of Auchterarder.* William was presented to a living in

* We particularly mention that presbytery on the authority of that very able and entertaining work,
Newte's

in a Presbytery equally distinguished for the presence of rigour, and the absence of ability,

Newte's Tour; the Captain describes the persecuting spirit of the ministers there, in such terms that we suspect the describer's chastity has undergone their animadversion, as William Strongbrain's did. Captain Newte, however, allows them to have been indulgent to persons of their own precise mode of faith. The passage, as exhibiting the puritanical character, in two of its features, fanaticism and hypocrisy, we cannot help transcribing :—

“ In the end of the last, and the beginning of the present, century, when the doctrines of the Kirk of Scotland, one would imagine, were sufficiently puritanical, the Presbytery of Auchterarder thought it necessary to form an Antimonian Creed for themselves, as being a peculiar people, zealous, not of good works, but of mysterious faith. With regard to matters of discipline, in which they were, and still are, rigid to excess, except to those whom they consider as being in the faith, and firm in opposing lay-patronage; the frailty that excites their severest indignation and vengeance is fornication. It is a fact, that in most of the Kirks there is a small gallery, fit to contain about half a dozen of persons, and painted black, placed in an elevated situation, near the roof of the church, which they call the Cutty-stool, and

ability, and in both respects the very worst of which he could have become a member. Some of his co-presbyters regarded, with bitter envy, talents so infinitely superior to their own. Besides, William, though far from being assuming when in the full use of his faculties, yet, when he happened to be elevated with wine, which was not unfrequently the case, was rather tyrannical in oppressing dunces with the weight of his knowledge and genius, and cruel in

on which offenders against chastity are forced to sit, during the time of divine service, for three Sundays, making profession of their repentance, and receive a rebuke from the minister in the face of the congregation. The horrid shame of the Cutty-stool often drives unfortunate females to commit the crime of child murder. It has been remarked, that such of the clergy as are the least strict in their own private lives, are often the severest in their censure of backsliders in public: and, on the contrary, that those are the most liberal and tender in the administration of public discipline, who, in their own private lives, are the most distinguished by purity, and simplicity of manners."—*Newte's Tour*, p. 251.

mowing

mowing down, with the tomahawk of his wit, those for whom a gentle pat from such an arm might have sufficed. Whoever abuses the talents of a dunce, commits against the said dunce's dignity an unpardonable offence. Envy and resentment imbittered each other; nor did William's inattention to appearances leave them without the supposed means of gratification.

William being a bachelor, chose for the manager of his affairs one Margery Mitchel, a very comely buxom girl. She was what is called in Scotland, a *sonsy lass*, that is, *en bon point*—a species of charms to which William had often declared himself very partial. As William had been more than once seen saluting the lips of the fair Margery, a report arose to the prejudice of the minister's chastity; a report, in the language of kirk courts, styled *fama clamosa*. The Presbytery hearing of this rumour, applied to the elders, a class of lay-members of the church of Scotland,

Scotland, one of whose functions it is to discover and disclose the frailties of their brethren; and especially to watch the progress of fornication. These worthy persons being set on the scent, by their sagacity found out that Margery's shape was getting beyond its usual corpulence. They made their report to the Presbytery, and added, that, having questioned her respecting the cause, and expounded to her the heinousness of the *crime*, she still continued *contumacious*. She at length appeared before the Presbytery with an answer prepared for the occasion.

The Presbytery being met and duly constituted by prayer, the Reverend Mr. Setter arose and made a very pathetic speech on the sins of the present generation, especially in the article of *skuldud-dery*;* recited, with a most minute circumstantiality that shewed him to have paid particular attention to the cases, the many

* Attachment to the fair sex. See Newte's Tour.

instances that had come within the cognizance of *that* Presbytery ; proceeded to interrogate Margery concerning her accomplice in her enormous wickedness. She, according to the custom long sanctioned by females in her predicament, declared, with tears in her eyes, it was her misfortune instead of her fault, and owing to a stranger whom she had met in a wood. The members were too expert at the chace to be thrown out by such a common double. Mr. Setter, who, indeed, might be regarded as the huntsman of the party, gave his disciplined hounds the right direction. He himself, in his usual way, lest his lamentation for prevailing wickedness might overwhelm the hearers with grief, mingled them with facetious and delicate jokes. But when, neither his serious exhortation nor his wit made the desired impression on Margery, he, according to the forms, and in the words of the Presbytery, moved, “ that, whereas the said Margery Mitchel continued *contumacious*, that a committee
should

should be appointed to *deal* privately with her, to bring her to confession in such a way as might tend to *edification*.*"

Mr. Setter, was, agreeably to custom, his own desire, and expectation, the first nominated. Margery being hard pressed by the urgent endeavours of Mr. Setter, at last promised compliance, if they would allow her only to the next day to consult the other party concerned. This Setter granted with much joy, and returned to the Presbytery, exulting in the impending discovery. The meeting was adjourned until the time appointed. The evening was passed in abuse of patronage, and of Dr. Robertson, and in comparing notes on the various acts of incontinence that were going on in their respective parishes, a discourse, no doubt, tending greatly to *edifi-*

* This remainder of the puritanical cant still continues in some fanatical districts in Scotland, however much the enlightened understandings, and liberal sentiments, of the majority of that respectable body of clergy may wish to discourage it.

cation. The next day they met, eager to be in at the death of the hare, when lo! how frail are the hopes of men! it was found puss had given the huntsman a dodge and had stolen away. The real fact was this, William, till two days before, had not been able to raise the supplies; but as soon as he was in cash, sent for a post-chaise to a borough about twenty miles off, and concerted with Margery to meet the carriage at the Presbytery seat, and to appear before the reverend body, so as to elude suspicion, and to prevent means being used to stop her departure. The chaise arriving, she set off at midnight, got away to Edinburgh, and thence to Berwick, out of the reach of Kirk judicatures. Although now no evidence could be adduced against William's continence, yet he found himself universally suspected, and much reprobated by the zealous inhabitants of that district. Finding himself disagreeably situated, he left his parish and set out for London, a scene much fitter for his abilities than that
which

which he had left. There we shall for the present leave him, and may, perhaps, again fall in with him in the course of our narrative.

Although it might have been difficult for the Laird to find a competitor of the wit and genius of Strongbrain, yet it was not a hard task to find one who loved his bottle just as well. A substitute for Mr. Strongbrain, James believed he found in a gentleman who was lately returned from abroad to a small estate, about a mile up the river, from the village of Tay Bank, called Rogue Place, which he inherited from a long line of ancestors. Mr. Rhodomontade, the proprietor of Rogue Place, had not long been returned to the seat of these forefathers, of whom he was not a degenerate descendant, when he ingratiated himself with the Laird, who himself, honest, but very far from discerning, very easily believed men to be what they professed. He conceived he had found in Rhodomontade another Strongbrain, as he was a jolly

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cock,

cock, had many comical jokes, and fine stories. He had, beside, been a traveller, consequently, (the Laird concluded,) knew the world. He was also an excellent hand at making punch, the Laird's favourite beverage; knew the exact time and right mode of bottling ale, and was a connoisseur in corks. To use the Laird's words, he was a most wonderful man, knew every thing, and had met with most amazing adventures; to be sure he would stretch a little, but was very droll and very witty, and was a most choice companion. The truth is, Mr. Rhodomontade used a privilege which, without being claimed, has been time immemorial exerted by travellers; that of describing things not as they are, but as the describer chooses them to appear. This mode of description is replete with advantage, for whereas, to exhibit real objects, requires intellect to examine and understand them, beyond what many traveller's really can afford to bestow, to exhibit things as one would have them to appear,

appear, requires very little capacity, and is, therefore, more fitted for general use. To mark the government, laws, manners, and customs of a country, to see their tendency, and discuss their merit; to discover and shew how far they deserve to be, and can be, imitated in any existing circumstances, how, and to what extent, is not the business of an ordinary mind. To feign a parcel of chimerical stories; to describe exploits either incredible, or of no consequence whether they happened or not, being illustrative of no important physical, or moral truth; to string together a number of extravagant adventures as having occurred in a country with which the hearers have no intercourse, and if they had, could hear nothing of such a personage, is within the capacity of the dullest of mortals. Besides, by adhering to unaccommodating facts, an ordinary traveller has very few opportunities of celebrating his own achievements, and the very high honours that have been conferred on him

by Grandees and Princes. Fiction flexible and compliant can create splendid and wonderful exploits, without the trouble of performance; can overcome bands of robbers, without encountering them; can, by courage and prowess, rescue one from the daggers of Italian bravoës, who has never been south of Shooter's Hill, can deliver him from the machinations of a jealous husband's enraged father and brothers, who have never existed. Fiction performs on ordinary travellers as marvellous transformations as any of those which she executed on the nymphs, swains, heroïnes, and heroes, sung by Ovid. The metamorphoses of Ovid leave the subjects much worse than they found them, of modern travellers better. A fine lady changed into a spider, a cow, or a bear, is, no doubt, a great diminution of the lady's rank and quality. A private gentleman without either parts or knowledge, at one bounce metamorphosed into the counsellor of a King, or an Emperor, is a great increase

crease of the gentleman's importance. In point of probability, the metamorphoses of Ovid and of modern travellers, the change of a lady into a log, or, if a log, into the director of an empire, are nearly on a footing. We may observe, that extravagant fictions are much better fitted for narrow capacities than probable. The latter presupposes a knowledge of nature and actual existence, consequently, observation and judgement. In the former, neither of these is in the smallest degree necessary. To compose a Roderick Random, a Tom Jones, a Cecilia, to draw an Allworthy, a Sophia, a Cecilia, a Mrs. Delville, a 'Squire Western, a Strap, a Partridge, an old Delville, a Hobson, a Briggs, a Mrs. Belfield, a Roderick Random, a Jones, a Mortimer, a Belfield, a Blifil, a Monkton, to shew wisdom, integrity, goodness; indiscretion and folly; simplicity, vulgarity, and ignorance, prejudice and weakness; malignity, and villainy in different ages and circumstances compounded and modified as they

are found in society, is the prerogative of genius. To describe an Aladin pursuing an eloped palace, Grandees feasting on live cattle, Amadis, the Gaul, vanquishing giants, men of understanding believe themselves beset by devils and hobgoblins, requires merely a fancy that can proceed on without any regard to truth, nature, or probability. Fielding observes that, to compose one sort of romances, requires only pen, ink, and paper, and the capacity of using them, as no knowledge of books, or any object actually existing is necessary, nor indeed useful to groove them.—*Pace tanti viri*, we are afraid some modern romance writers have understood him too literally. *One book* we conceive (not indeed, necessary, as many novels are written, without any knowledge of orthography, but) useful, that is Entick's spelling Dictionary.

As to the advantages of extravagant fictions, modern romance writers have very skilfully availed themselves. Of Cecilia

cilia we have only one — Emmeline, few—devils, ghosts, and haunted castles, we have in abundance.—Fictions, imitating nature and truth, clothe themselves in the language expressing these—fictions, departing from them, depart also from the language commonly called English, and strike into words and constructions as new as the story, boldly soaring above orthography, etymology, and syntax, as much as above probability, truth, and reason. Modern romances, as they equal Ovid's *Metamorphoses* in wonderfulness, exceed him in consistency. Ovid does not uniformly deal in the marvellous; his stories that *end* in transformations abound in just sentiments and good sense. The body is natural, the tail only unnatural. Every circumstance in the story of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* might have happened, except the blackening of the mulberries by their blood.—Every word in the contest of *Ajax* and *Ulysses* might have been spoken as it was natural for the characters in the cir-

cumstances described; the change of a man into a flower was the only thing that could not be believed to have happened. Ovid in these, and many other instances, is grossly inconsistent in his mixture of the purely marvellous with the probable. Modern romances are perfectly consistent, as they exclude probability, not sometimes, but always, and as *all* their fictions are such as (to use Hume's definition of a miracle) never happened in any age or country. Not parts, like Ovid, but the whole, is such as, until there be a total metamorphosis of physical and moral nature, never could nor can happen.

Mr. Rhodomontade tried fiction in every way to which his capacity was adequate; and, had he published his travels and adventures, they would have made several folio volumes, equally authentic and instructive with many travels which have appeared in print, and more probable than most of our modern romances.

In his early youth he had been engaged
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with the young Chevalier, and had distinguished himself by his indefatigable efforts. The morning of the battle of Culloden he was unfortunately taken ill, which prevented him from signalizing himself. When the battle was over, providentially recovering, he retreated with great expedition, but was, as he himself bore testimony, overtaken by four English dragoons, drafted from the very stoutest men of the horse grenadier guards, who attacked him. He fought and conquered, and, killing two, and putting the other two to flight, continued his journey. A great price had, he said, been set on his head by government, on account of the eminent services he had rendered the rebels by his courage and wisdom. He was, therefore, compelled to leave the country, and, like Coriolanus, was necessitated to turn his virtues against the land of his nativity. He entered into the service of France, (others say of a Frenchman,) became very intimate with Marshal Saxe, and was one of the chief causes of

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of the victory at Val, but felt much remorse for having, with his own hand, killed many of his countrymen. He afterwards went to Paris, where he was introduced at Court, and became a most distinguished favourite with Madame *Pumpadour*, but was obliged to leave the French capital for an affair of honour with a Prince of the blood. Trusting to the influence of a young English Duke, with whom he had become a great favourite, by having saved him from a gang of robbers in a bagnio, he ventured to London, and through that nobleman procured a pardon. He spent his time very pleasantly with the first of the nobility and their wives, sisters, and daughters. Wherever he went he was sure to excite love and jealousy. The effects of a young lady of quality's passion becoming visible, he decamped privately, and set sail for the West Indies.

Other historians vary a little from this account; and, though they admit his zeal, yet confine its exertions to the *moveables* of
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of the enemy. According to them he joined the Chevalier soon after the battle of Gladsmuir; and, during the blockade of Edinburgh Castle, his active mind disliking stationary employment, he made an incursion into Tweeddale, and was very successful against the enemy's sheep. For such expeditions he was, indeed, admirably qualified, having often amused himself with them in his boyish days.—Wisely considering money as the sinew of war, he was one of the first in every expedition to search for that, but knowing his own value, had the patriotism to restrain his efforts when likely to endanger his precious life. These historians say, that his reason for leaving Paris was not an affair of honour with a Prince, but of dishonour with a tailor. They add, that the lady of quality whom he brought into the situation above-mentioned was a young lady, who was such a friend to the virtue of cleanliness, that she employed her utmost exertions that gentlemen and ladies might be accom-

accommodated with clean linen; that the noblemen whose resentment he wished to avoid were *men in office* in a street near Covent Garden. According to them Mr. Rhodomontade had displayed several strokes of genius in that species of politics since distinguished by the name of swindling. His fame was such, that a certain eminent Magistrate wished for the pleasure of his company. He being a modest man chose to decline the honour of his Worship's notice, and withdrew. So little, indeed, was he desirous of notice, that he even departed without a formal leave of his landlord.

Whether the account of Mr. Rhodomontade concerning himself, or that of others respecting him be the truer, we shall not, at present, determine.

In the West Indies Mr. Rhodomontade had married a widow, as he said, of distinction; she had lived, indeed, in a public capacity, and was eminent for her skill in making punch. Beauty was not, we
may

may fairly venture to assert, Mrs. Rhodomontade's chief accomplishment, since besides the qualification just mentioned, she was a dexterous cook. She was short, squat, and tawny, with little fiery eyes, low forehead, flat nose, and thick lips. She was, except in the articles of swearing and scolding, a very pleasant woman, and was, moreover, a very dutiful wife, as she always vouched for the truth of her husband's stories. Being now a lady, she assumed the airs she thought becoming one, and passed with some of her country neighbours as a pattern for sense and breeding. Rhodomontade, himself, great as had been his success among the ladies, was by no means eminent for the beauty of his face or person. His head was round, like a bullet, his nose was uncommonly large, especially about the nostrils, which resembled the aperture of mill-doors, separated by a post. The colour was deep red; his mouth extended almost to his ears, graced by a lower lip which formed a promontory

montory by the capacious bay. His countenance expressed, at once, sneaking and assurance. He was a tall man, short necked, round shouldered, his legs, as he stood, made two sides of an isosceles triangle, the angle subtending, the base being formed by his knees. This worthy and accomplished couple had a large bouncing daughter, who, on the score of having been abroad, was looked upon by many as a fine lady, and as wonderfully sensible and learned. This last qualification she got credit for by her accurate knowledge of the histories of Rome and England, abridged, by question and answer. She got much renown by proving, beyond dispute, in a large company, that Laud was Archbishop in the reign of Charles I. and even, from memory, quoted the question to which Laud's adventures were part of the answer. In her other acquirements and accomplishments she partook both of her mamma and papa, or, as she pronounced, for the more elegance, papay and mammay. She was a most excellent

cellent cook, of a warm temper, and delighted in fiction.—Rhodomontade, and all the family, were very desirous of rendering themselves agreeable to the Laird. They had, indeed, taken a great fancy to his estate, which they thought would be a very desirable acquisition to Miss Molly. They also paid their court to Miss Nell, conceiving that she might be of use in promoting their project. Rhodomontade supported every observation made by the Laird, and illustrated it by some occurrence which he had met with in the course of his travels, he praised his mode of farming, which he averred to be precisely the same as that of his good friend Condé, at Chantilly, that the Laird's mode of making punch, was that which his friend Eglington liked, and that his conversation reminded him of that of his worthy and lamented friend Charles Townsend.

“To be sure,” (he would say,)
“Laird, you are a little of a rake, like my old friend Sandwich, but *all clever fellows*

*fellow*s is the same. Damme, old Jack wears well, many a hard bout we two have had. I once gained a rump and dozen, by drinking four bottles of port, after I had, at glass for glass, laid him under the table. Oh, G—d! we shall never see such days as we have seen. He and I, cleared a dozen of bullies, who had assaulted us in mother Douglas's. My good friend Harry Fielding, I remember, he, you know, that wrote *Don Quixote*, was justice at Bow Street, and read us a severe lecture. Billy Murray, I remember, bailed us, he that is now Lord Mansfield."

"By G—d, Laird, old Fielding would have delighted you, his *humour* and your's, would have hit to a *T*."

"Fielding, I have heard of him," the Laird would reply.

"I believe he wrote Tom Jones, and the Peerage, two good books? Yes, yes, he did, he consulted with me about the publication."

Mrs. Rhodomantade joined in her husband's

band's endeavour to win the Laird, by praising his understanding, studying his taste and palate. Miss danced with him, sang with him, romped with him, in short, shewed she would do any thing to secure his good graces. The honest Laird began to receive the impression Miss meant to make, but having lived so long a bachelor, was averse from marriage, therefore avoided any avowal, and even tried to get the better of his inclination. Mr. Wiseman, clergyman of Tay Bank, soon discovered the design of the Rhodomontades, and as he had a great regard for the Laird, and perfectly comprehended the character of the others, he determined to oppose it. He consulted with Mr. Longhead, who disliked Rhodomontade still more than he did. They both agreed to tell their suspicions and the grounds to the Colonel, who was to be in the country soon, and meanwhile endeavoured indirectly to shew the Rhodomontades to the Laird in their true colour. The Rhodomontades

domontades, in their siege of the Laird's affections, tried sap as well as assault. They saw that the habit of living a bachelor had raised a strong bastion in the fortress of his heart against marriage approaches.

Miss Nell, though she often teased and vexed the Laird, had a much greater influence with him than he himself knew. Her opinion had great weight with him, when it did not contradict any of his own notions, or interfere with his own pursuits. He himself had often told Rhodomantade that, except in dram drinking, scolding, and religion, Nell was, on the whole, not much amiss. She had, indeed, endeavoured as she now advanced in years to avoid any reflection on the Laird's *parts*, (the chief source of their former quarrels,) as she thought her chance of independence was becoming less, and, therefore, it was less and less her interest to irritate him. Her admonitions she generally confined to his drinking, and his impiety,

piety, charges, the Laird regarded less. She would also frequently harangue on his indulgence to tenants, whom the Laird was not so rigorous in pressing for rent as Nell thought he ought to be.

Such admonitions, James considered as flowing, in a great degree, from zeal for his interest, not that he failed to ascribe to her bacchanalian orgies their share of the eloquence. The Rhodomontades observing the influence of Nell, pitched on her as their miner. They bestowed much labour and address on the cultivation of her good graces. Rhodomontade soon became a very great favourite with Miss Nell. That good lady, as we have before hinted, took great delight in the demolition of reputations. The worthy proprietor of Rogue Place brought her intelligence concerning the frailties in the neighbourhood: what lasses had been seen in woods with fellows, what bastards were likely to appear, what married women were going astray, what husbands
and

and wives fought, what men or women got drunk, Rhodomontade knew as well as any gossip in the country, and where his indefatigable industry failed of success in learning facts, he supplied the want by invention. He also found means to pass for a wit. He was a great adept at what are called practical jokes, such as mixing whisky slyly with ale, skimming punch to make one of the company drunk, tying wigs to chairs, that the wearer might rise with a bald pate, and other instances of that sort of wit which a nimble hand may produce. By his talents and qualifications Rhodomontade passed for a miracle of pleasantry and cleverness with Miss Nell. He also professed very great admiration of her, and declared every time he left her he went away a wiser and better man, which, indeed, was not difficult. Mrs! Rhodomontade and Miss, though often proud and imperious, behaved to Miss Douglas with the most submissive deference, praised her conduct, her opinions, her favourites, varying

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rying as these varied, repeated her sayings, abused all she abused; and affected to consult her on every thing they undertook, and to be regulated by her judgement, and gained such favour, that she often declared she had never known any gentleman or ladies of such sense and knowledge, and who could discern merit so clearly, and value it so highly. Without discovering *their* project, she had formed the same herself. Miss Rhodomontade would, she thought, make an excellent wife for the Laird, and would be entirely under her direction, and thus that affairs at Tay Bank would go more than ever to her mind. Besides, she thought, by this connection, she might be able to lessen the regard the Laird had for the Colonel and his family. She often expressed to her brother the pleasure it would give her to see him married to Miss Rhodomontade, and urged him to make proposals. He concurred in Miss's praises, but declared he would never marry, a declaration his sister had the satisfaction

to see was made more and more feebly every day.

In this state were affairs when the Colonel and his family arrived at Tay Bank. The Laird was much delighted with his nephew, and heard, with great pleasure, of the progress he had made at school, for, though no scholar himself, he was an admirer of learning. He catechized young Charles on the various pranks he had played, and battles he had fought, and heard the details with infinite satisfaction. Rhodomontade professed to be equally charmed. Miss declared she thought there was a striking resemblance between the uncle and the nephew, in appearance and manners, an observation in which her mamma concurred, crediting Miss Nell with a share in the likeness. Meanwhile, Rhodomontade was active in endeavouring to ingratiate himself with the Colonel, but with little success. The Colonel who had seen him before, and heard some anecdotes of him, was by no means prepossessed in his favour.

favour. Nor did his opinion of his merits increase on more frequent intercourse. As the Rhodomontades employed only the gross artifice, which could dupe weakness, not the refined policy which might impose on sound understandings, the Colonel and his lady soon saw the design of the Rogue-Place family. Mr. Longhead also told them, that Mr. Wiseman had, for some time, seen the plan of drawing the Laird into a connection in every view improper. They agreed that it would be better to detach him from that family, by giving him just notions of it, than by formally representing to him either their designs or demerits. Their strictures, they reasonably concluded, would have greater weight, if they appeared accidental, and not directed to any object. The Colonel deputed himself to Rhodomontade politely, though with a coldness which seldom appeared in his behaviour. He did not seem to enjoy the recital of his adventures, nor to be amused with his jokes, and evidently disapproved

of the intelligence with which he regaled Miss Nell. The Laird was at first amazed that his brother did not relish Mr. Rhodomontade, but at last concluded Mr. Longhead, who he knew disliked the proprietor of Rogue-Place, had prejudiced the Colonel against his worthy friend. He one day spoke to his brother on that supposition. "Colonel," said he, "I am afraid our friend Mr. Longhead, who, though a man of excellent sense, is liable to prejudices, has prepossessed you against Rhodomontade."

"Do you really," answered the Colonel, "think it required any other judgement than my own to give me an indifferent opinion of Rhodomontade? Do you think that I can, without great wonder, see a man of your excellent sense so pleased with so extravagant insipid fictions, so frivolous observations, and dull stupid attempts at wit, and can relish vulgar gossiping, and unmanly slander? I am surprized how you can like a man so different from yourself."

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The Colonel staggered the Laird's opinion of Rhodomontade. He entertained a very high idea of his brother's wisdom, not lessened by the sagacity which he had just imputed to himself. He began to lower his opinion of Rhodomontade; he told his brother he had not been deceived in that any more than in any thing else, that Rhodomontade was a good neighbour, and that, therefore, he overlooked his weaknesses and folly.

Indeed, the Laird soon persuaded himself that his opinion of Mr. Rhodomontade had never been so great as it really had been: still, however, he considered him as a man of good intentions, and great spirit. Rhodomontade perceived the change in the Laird's deportment and sentiments, this he imputed to the Colonel's influence, and the Colonel's opinion to the suggestions of Mr. Longhead, who he knew disliked him, and whom he hated. To render Mr. Longhead ridiculous and contemptible, in the eyes of the Colonel, he thought

would be a wise step, and' it would lessen or destroy that influence which Mr. Longhead's opinion had with him, and so open his eyes to his (Rogue-Place's) merits. If he gained the Colonel, he reasonably concluded he would regain the favour of the Laird. He instructed his daughter to double her attention to James, and hinted to her, in a pretended joke, that he was a man of such honour that she might most effectually bind him by unlimited compliance.

About this time the Laird gave an entertainment in honour of the Colonel and his lady, and the Rhodomontades were of the party. After dinner a conversation ensued between Mr. Longhead, Mr. Wiseman, the Colonel, and, as he himself supposed, the Laird. As the subject was literary, Rhodomontade did not, for some time, think fit to join, but amused himself by making whispering observations to Miss Nell on what Mr. Longhead advanced. Mr. Wiseman was defending the language of
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of Bacon, against an observation of Hume, and insisting that it possessed clearness and force, the essential qualities of a language, in as great a degree as any Latin, modern or ancient, ever did, or could, possess. Rhodomontade wittily observed, that it was excellent *Bacon* they had at dinner; a remark Miss Nell thought extremely facetious. As the conversation was rising from Bacon's language to his philosophy, the arrival of a neighbour interrupted it, a short conversation took place, when Rouge Place began a dissertation on the uselessness of learning, and the folly of pedantry.

“ I wonder,” says he, “ Colonel, that you, who are an honour to your profession, should *bother* your head with Greek and Latin, and mathematics, and them there sort of d——d stuff. Except yourself, I never knew a clever fellow who knew a word about the matter. There was Marshal Saxe, with whom I was myself very intimate, and slept a whole summer in the same tent with him, could hardly read or write his own name.”

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“That rather surprizes me,” said Mr. Wiseman, “as I thought he had written a treatise on the art of war, that displayed a deep knowledge of *ancient* tactics.”

“Yes, yes,” said Rhodomontade, “that we made out between us from my observation of the *French* discipline, the winter after the battle of Malplaquet, about a year after Culloden.”

“You were at Malplaquet,” said Longhead.

“Yes I was, *do* you doubt it?”

“By no means, after your asserting it; but I am surprized at it, as it was fought near twenty years before you were born.”

“Then it was some other. I was at so many, I often confound one with another. My friend, Harry Fielding too, did not know a single word of Latin or Greek, and where would you find a cleverer fellow? I knew him intimately. He and I were hand and glove. He read his Roderic Random to me before he published it—D—n my heart, what are your Homer and Pindus, and Eutropius, and so forth, to make a
clever

clever man, compared with travelling, and knowing men and things?"

"I did not know," said Mr. Wiseman, "Fielding was ignorant of Greek and Latin; nor, indeed, that he had written Roderic Random."

"Did you ever read Roderic, Parson?"

"Yes, I remember something of an ignorant, boasting, lying traveller in a Bath stage coach."

"Yes, by G—d, it was I that gave him the character."

"You were the writer's fellow traveller."

"No, no, I went to Bath to oblige him, and pick up characters."

"Could not you have presented him with such a character, without leaving him?"

"Perhaps," (replied the other, not understanding him,) "I might."

"It is not unlikely that Fielding despised learning," said Wiseman.

"One of his personages, Ensign North-

ton, is very inimical to Homer and Cor-derius, and very much praises Jemmy Oliver, of his regiment, who could neither read nor write. Will. Honeycomb also was a great enemy to pedantry; he, however, fell short of Jemmy Oliver, as he could write, only could not spell."

"Will. Honeycomb," said Rhodomontade, "I knew him intimately, he had a plantation near Kingston, in Jamaica. Many a bottle of good Madeira have we two had together. You remember Honeycomb, my dear," (turning to Mrs. Rhodomontade.)

"Oh, yes! perfectly well, he dined with us one day; on a Christmas, you and he got very merry, drinking punch. He told us, he wrote some of the Spectator."

"Yes," says Rhodomontade, "he despised learning, and well he might, he was a damnation clever fellow without it. As for myself, d—n me to hell, if I know a word of Greek and Latin, yet I think I have more knowledge than all the pedants
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in the country. D—n my blood, what are your Greek books, your Cæsar's, and Quæ Genus's, and so forth, to make a clever man, compared with travelling and knowing the world?"

"I must," said Mr. Longhead, "so far agree with you, that learning alone does not constitute ability, neither, on the other hand, does ignorance. I must also observe that learning is generally most abused, by those who are completely destitute of it, on which ground I can account for your invectives."

"Oh, blast your sneering," exclaimed Rhodomontade, "I consider myself as a cleverer fellow than all the parsons in the country."

"I am afraid," said the Colonel, offended at the impertinence of Rhodomontade, to his father-in-law, "you will make the contrary obvious, if there were any so weak as to entertain any doubts of it."

"Rhodomontade, seeing he could reap no advantage from the present contest,

wisely desisted. He next bethought himself of raising the Colonel's admiration of him, by recounting his exploits, and, at the same time, softening him by a compliment to Mr. Longhead. "I confess," he said, "Mr. Longhead has as much knowledge as any man can possibly have, who has never travelled, and I respect him as, in every part of his character, one of the first men I have ever known. But there are some things he cannot know so accurately as I, who have been an eye-witness. Many things happen in the West-Indies, and other foreign parts, of which Mr. Longhead can have no idea. There's me, for instance, I have done, encountered, and suffered things which I should myself have thought impossible before-hand, as would every body else, unless assured of it by myself. You have all, no doubt, heard of the extraordinary Topham, the strong man, he could take four horse shoes, join them and break them all at once; he could pull back a coach against four horses spurred and
whipped

whipped to move forwards; he could throw a bullet of forty-two pounds, forty-two feet; he could raise two butts of beer from the ground; he could swing five hundred weight of lead in each hand, and walk with it from Tottenham Court Road to Highgate; he could wrestle against four horse grenadiers, and always come off victorious. Having often heard of his prowess, I wished myself to have a trial with him: I tried him at all the exercises, to which he was most accustomed, and beat him at every one. Whilst he could raise two butts only of beer, with the whole force of his body, I could chuck them by turns in the air, and catch them with the greatest ease. He got into a violent passion about the horse shoes. A blacksmith had so tempered a set intended for a display of Topham's strength, that he could not break them jointly, and so exhausted himself, by trying, that he could not break them even separately. I asked to look at them, joined
and

and broke them like a twig. He was damnation angry at my superiority."

"D—n my blood," says he, "let us wrestle."

"Curse me, eternally," I replied, "if I do not agree. To it, by G—d, we went, we had a hard touch; but, by jingo, I gave him at last such a hell of a squeeze, that he gave in, as I hope for mercy, kept his bed for a month afterwards. The following year, we became very good friends, (continued Rhodomontade, with his usual interjections, which we shall not farther detail,) as we were seeing a bear baiting, at Hockley in the Hole. The bear happened to break loose, made at Topham, who tried to seize him; I ran to his assistance as he was just receiving a hug from bruin. I got hold of the shaggy gentleman, and crushed him to death. I remember he gave us a treat at Mother Red Cap's, on account of his wonderful escape. I ate about six pounds of boiled beef, a great quantity of beans and bacon, a green goose, and

and six and thirty roasted pigeons; drank four gallons of porter, and three bottles of Madeira, during dinner, and a dozen of claret afterwards. We sat till day-break. When I, for a wager, walked under water from Millbank to London Bridge. But a more surprizing thing than all these happened to me at Canterbury, I was within an ace of being hanged."

"I think," said Mr. Longhead, "that was much less surprizing than any of your other exploits. Do you not think, Wiseman, that such a catastrophe would have been in the common course of events?"

"Were we," answered Wiseman, "to argue *a priori*, I can see no objection on the score of probability. I remember to have read, in Aristotle, that many things are true which are not probable, and probable which are not true. You had, Sir, you say," turning to Rhodomontade, "a narrow escape."

Rhodomontade not heeding, or, perhaps, understanding

understanding this short dialogue, proceeded.

“ I’ll tell you how it was, a tall fine man, much such another as myself, had robbed a post-chaise close by Canterbury. I happening to be returning from visiting a noble family near the coast, and entered the city a few hours after the robbery was committed, mounted on a horse of, it seems, the same colour as that of the robber; and the postillion raising a hue and cry, I was surrounded, and apprehended. Hoping for the reward, he swore point blank before an old cull of a justice. The gentleman, who had been robbed, had concealed all his money but a few guineas; so that he only had stopt to change horses, was off to Dover, the packet being to sail that afternoon. A scoundrel of a Bow Street Officer, who was in Canterbury, in chace of another, swore he knew me to be a noted rogue, and even called me by my name.”

“ I have heard, indeed,” said Long-head,

head, "these men much praised for the exactness of their intelligence, and their penetration into certain characters."

"In the present case," said Wiseman, "I can see no marks of *extraordinary* penetration."

Rhodomontade, considering this as a compliment, proceeded—"No, by G—d, he was out there, he had the wrong sow by the ear. I was tried soon after at Maidstone, and cast. But, before the day of execution, the real robber being apprehended in the fact of another robbery, acknowledged mine, and I was discharged. Out of gratitude I applied to a nobleman, high in the ministry, and procured him a remission of the tree for transportation. I since met him in Jamaica, where he is now settled as a planter, and spent a week with him."

Soon after the conclusion of this story, Rhodomontade going out, the conversation turned on the absurdity of dealing in the marvellous.

"Mr.

“ Mr. Longhead observed, it was not merely absurd, but wicked, at least tended to wickedness, by lessening regard for truth. “Whoever,” he said, “tells lies from the frivolous motives of vanity, will not, probably, adhere to truth, when prompted by the powerful motives of resentment or interest. I have known a few vain liars honest men, but very many of them knaves.”

“Willing rather to be knaves,” said Wiseman, “the designs of such men are generally too ill concerted to produce the intended effect.”

“I beg leave to differ with you, my friend,” said the Colonel, “as to the inefficiency of such designers. I have more frequently known men of sense deceived by fools, than by men of their own description. Contempt for the talents of weak men, often prevents the wise from guarding against the cunning in which they abound. Now, for instance, here’s my brother, who is a man, we all know, of excellent sense; he would sooner be deceived by

Rhodomontade,

Rhodomontade, than by a man of understanding."

"I think," said Wiseman, "he is a strange compound of real vulgarity, and affected gentility; his wife, she deals in fiction too, as does the daughter; it is a family distemper. They are notable projectors too, only like those of Laputa, they do not bring their projects to bear. They had a plan lately of drawing our friend, the Laird here, into a marriage with Miss; at present they have either abandoned it, or are more cautious in their operations."

"Mr. Wiseman," said the Colonel, in an affected passion, "I cannot but think you mistaken, they could never be so extravagantly foolish, what could never be brought to bear, with a man of my brother's sense and taste. I consider the very idea as an affront to our family. The girl is a forward hoiden."

"O!" said Mr. Longhead, "she has been very good company in the West Indies, at the *bar*."

"A bar

“ A bar maid,” cried the Colonel, “ a proper person to be lady of Tay Bank !”

The Laird, though he did not altogether agree in the Colonel’s opinion of Miss, declared if they had any such idea they would be disappointed.

Mr. Rhodomontade, who had been absent making punch, an employment always allotted him by the Laird, now returning with a large bowl—

“ Laird,” said he, “ I have been long your butler, and must have fixt wages;” laughing heartily at this jest, which he had often uttered before, to the great delight of the Laird; at present, however, it did not produce the desired effect. Rhodomontade seeing the company becoming very grave, promoted a quick circulation of punch, until they were summoned to join the ladies at tea.

“ Miss Nell entertained the company with an account of the various slips committed by females in the neighbourhood, blaming Mr. Wiseman for too great lenity
to

to those horrid miscreants, fornicators,* when on the stool of repentance, and informed him of various overt acts of treason against chastity, which had not reached his ears, appealing to Rhodomontade for the truth of her assertions.

Rhodomontade, not only vouched for her narratives, but also added circumstances and narratives of his own. In one of these he happened to speak disrespectfully of a young lady of excellent character, the sister of a friend of Wiseman. Wiseman, frankly told him that what he said was not true.

“D—n your blood, Parson, do you doubt my veracity?”

“I have no doubt on the subject,” said the Parson.

* In many parts of Scotland, fornicators, provided they are *not gentlemen and ladies*, were obliged to appear three successive Sundays before the congregation, to receive a rebuke from the Clergyman for their wickedness. They stand on a conspicuous platform, called the Cutty Stool. The dread of this shameful exhibition often drives females to child murder.

“D—n

“D—n me,” said Rhodomontade, “if I thought any man doubted my veracity, I would blow him up with gunpowder.”

“You would find that an expensive operation.”

“It is good for you, you are a Parson; if any other were to talk so to me, I would send him to the devil in an instant.”

“So you would have no objection to a second meeting with him?”

“D—n your sneering, it is good for you, you are a Parson.”

“For you it is,” answered the Parson.

Rhodomontade, whose prowess, before celebrated, had, although he was in good health, and not forty-five, unfortunately left him in the tropics, and who was now become, for strength and manly exercise, like another man, was afraid to go too far, as Wiseman was active and athletic, desisted from farther altercation.”

Wiseman firmly insisted on his acknowledging his allegation, respecting the young lady, to be false.

Rhodomontade,

Rhodomontade, at last, said he was in jest.

And Wiseman, in a tone rather of threat, advised him to refrain from such jest in future.

The Laird's opinion of Rhodomontade now sunk apace, and he diminished his intercourse with him, but could not altogether conquer his affection for Miss Molly.

Meanwhile our hero was committed to the care of Mr. Wiseman, until the season should arrive for his going to the University. Under Wiseman he was made accurately acquainted with the grammatical part of the Greek language, and could translate Xenophon with ease; was also initiated in geometry and algebra; he improved his knowledge of history, and required a reverential regard for the constitution of his country. He was already much more than a match for his aunt, with whom he had often disputes on government. She was a violent Jacobite, and,

as

as far as she knew them, an abettor of the doctrines of passive obedience. Charles was too young to detect nonsense without exposing it, and impugned her arguments, for so she chose to call unsupported assertions, with more regard to truth than reverence to his aunt. She became violent and abusive; he, from displeasure at her rudeness, and a desire of shewing superiority, never failed to expose her absurdity, as she, every time she attempted to argue, gave him an opportunity. She never liked him, now she hated him most inveterately, and slandered him in all companies. By most of the neighbours her calumnies were not attended to, as Charles was a general favourite. By the Rhodomontades they were better received; that family hated the Colonel and Mr. Longhead, as the chief obstacles to the success of their project, and did not, therefore, highly regard the son of the one, and grandson of the other. Besides, they saw the influence of young Charles to be very great with the Laird,
and

and as they felt theirs decreasing, they imputed the diminution in part to Charles, whom they believed instructed for that purpose. They saw they must suspend their operations for the present, and contrive some means for giving them effect, when the Colonel should be gone to his regiment, and Charles removed to the University.

CHAP. VII.

Our Hero sent to St. Andrew's College.—Studies and Pursuits there.—Removed to Edinburgh.—Excellence of that Seminary shewn in its Objects, Constitution, Plans, and Effects.

THE Colonel and Mr. Longhead, were partial to St. Andrew's University, because they had been educated there themselves; thither, therefore, they agreed that Charles should be sent for some years, and that he should be afterwards removed to Edinburgh, to study the higher branches of physical and moral science.

The venerable principal, to whose care his father had been entrusted, being now too far advanced in years for an active superintendence of the young man, he was committed to the care of almost the youngest member of the University; the professor of Greek, a man of very considerable talents, erudition, and taste. From
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The professor's plan of instruction did not confine itself to the Greek tongue, but comprehended historical, critical, and moral lectures, on the various subjects, connected with the authors whose works his pupils were perusing. As young men often take the tone of their studies from the master who happens to be highest in their estimation, classical erudition was the principal object of Charles's pursuit, during his continuance at St. Andrew's: but that species of erudition, which comprehends history, reasoning, and philosophy, more than mere philology. He had naturally a just and delicate taste, and read the poets with great pleasure; he considered them, however, not merely as vehicles of beauty and grandeur, but also of sense and wisdom. At that time, rhetoric, from the respectable character of its pro-

I 2 fessor,

fessor, occupied a greater share of the attention of the students, than its comparative importance in the scale of literature justified. Many of the young men attended much more to that study, than to history, mathematics, logic, and moral philosophy; and, as the rhetoric taught referred more to language and composition than to materials, some of its votaries became neat composers, but very superficial thinkers. Charles applied sufficiently to rhetoric to know the common rules, and to write correctly, but did not suffer a subordinate object to occupy his chief pursuits.

In one of the vacations his friend, Mr. Wiseman, taught him the elements of Euclid, and at College he studied that branch of science, so far as it was the foundation of useful arts, but no farther; history and moral science were his favourite pursuits. At that time the Chancellor of the University, a well disposed man, something of a scholar, and very fond of encouraging learning, visited the University
once

once a year, and gave prizes to the best exhibitions in the several classes. Although the intention of this was good, yet the mode was injudicious. Some weeks before the annual visit, themes were proposed by the several professors to their respective classes, on which essays were to be composed, and given in in a fortnight. Many of the students procured assistance, and by that means obtained prizes which they did not deserve. Our hero having contended for an honour of this sort, was disappointed, and the palm adjudged to a youth of very inferior talents and learning; he being disgusted, laboured for no more, but was, notwithstanding, esteemed the first in his class. His studies did not occupy his time so wholly, as to prevent him from engaging in the few amusements which the place offered, he regularly attended the lessons of the ingenious Mr. Jenkins, whose vigorous invention has given a new direction to the Scotch dances, and adapting them to the melody, as well

as the vivacity, of the Scotch ball music, on the agility of Highland measures has superinduced grace. He improved himself in fencing, cudgel playing, and other manly exercises, and at seventeen was a match for most men of twenty at running, leaping, wrestling, and putting the stone. He was also a dexterous player at golf. Whatever he engaged in, he engaged in ardently. In the convivial parties of the students he was one of the favourite members. Often was he pitched upon to invent expedients for eluding the masters, when youthful frolic exceeded the bounds of propriety, and positive command: expedients so flattering to the inventor, by conveying to himself and others the idea of superior address. Often were improper companions concealed in the coal closet, being introduced before the shutting of the gate, and professor's *perlustrations*, or towed over the wall after the gates were shut, and the rounds were gone. Not unfrequently did he amuse the porter in the lodge, while
the

the porter's servant permitted the key to the care of some of his fellow students, while they went in quest of liquor, or some other *forbidden* article. Many a frosty evening did he, alone or in company, go down from the gallery windows of the north building, by sheets or blankets into the garden. Often he traversed *butt's wynd*, the *scores*, descended into the *witch's hollow*, a scene of witchery, even in modern times; proceeded to *Swilkinburn*, or lucubrated by the *old windmill*. The vaulted recesses of Cardinal Beaton's castle were not by him unexplored; caverns, once the scenes of horror, now of hospitality and love, where the loud roaring of the waves appears to have no other effect on the inhabitants than to remind them of the worship expected from her votaries, by the goddess that sprang from that tempestuous element.

Not unknown to him, was the illustrious house of Harley, nor the fair daughter of that distinguished family. With her, af-

ter reading Gulliver's Travels, would he often resort to the apartment allotted the Hounnyhms, to *contemplate* the beauties and virtues of that noble race, or when the malignant moon refused to afford light, to *meditate* on their great qualities. His frolics and nocturnal perambulations, though they generally escaped detection, did not always. He once or twice received an admonition from Dr. Watson, in the *hebdomador's room*, in presence of the other masters, and once received a public rebuke in the *common schools*. The family pride which, as we before recorded, had been instilled into him in his early years, sometimes led him into quarrels; for though it never broke out in insolent aggression, yet it frequently manifested itself in more indignant contempt at encroachments, than the case justified; and once an impertinent fellow, a baker, having behaved to him in the street with most impudent familiarity and vulgar rudeness, he attacked him, and mauled him

him

him so unmercifully, though a stout fellow, that the consequence might have been a serious prosecution, had not his friend, the professor, appeased the fellow by a donation, which the Colonel afterwards very thankfully repaid. His pride, however, much more frequently co-operated with the natural benevolence and magnanimity of his dispositions, and stimulated the exertion of his vigorous understanding, so that though his friends might wish to see this aristocratical prejudice regulated and restrained, they could not desire, whilst it continued to produce more good than evil, it should be totally eradicated. On the whole the Professors, although they might censure some particular acts, highly approved both of his understanding and heart.

After he had been the usual time at St. Andrew's, the Colonel removed him to a wider theatre, where he could meet with more competitors, and where both several branches of literature and many

ornamental accomplishments could be much more completely acquired than at St. Andrew's. Indeed, although at St. Andrew's some of the Professors were men of talents and learning, there were circumstances in the constitution of the University that introduced a spirit of monopoly and corporation, by no means favourable to preceptorial excellence. Most of the professorships were in the gift of professors themselves. The prevailing party of these, of course, chose their own relations or connections, and as their salaries were, considering the cheapness of the place, comfortable, they depended the less on either individual or aggregate literary character. The professorial chairs, therefore, in individual cases were filled with able men, yet ability and learning cannot be said to be their general character.

While at College, Charles regularly corresponded with his grandfather, and his friend Wiseman; and was by both repeatedly and earnestly urged to *employ* INVESTIGATION AND INDUCTION. Mr.

Longhead

Longhead was a man of sense and knowledge. Mr. Wiseman was a man of genius and philosophy, equal to most of his country. He made up for Charles a system of logic on the Baconic plan, which he found infinitely more useful than the common-place systems on the scholastic plan, taught at College, and which Dr. Watson's close application to rhetoric had prevented him from correcting and changing in his logical instructions. Indeed, the Doctor, whose professional business it was to teach both rhetoric and logic, bestowed too much comparative attention on the former, and too little on the latter; so that those students, who were most ambitious of being high in his estimation, were rather correct writers than able reasoners. This was not the case with Charles; he learned logic on the grand and comprehensive plan which renders it the instrument of knowledge and philosophy. When he came to study moral philosophy, the natural force of his understanding, with his logical habits, enabled him to comprehend the Hutchin-

sonian system, then prevalent, and to discover, amidst much important truth, a considerable degree of hypothesis in the writings of that original and profound philosopher. Highly as he prized Hutchinson, as the anatomist of affection, and Locke of intellect, even then he perceived, in many instances, both have proceeded on assumption.

But Charles not only studied the anatomy of the mind, he read with great delight man in active life. He was extremely fond of history, biography, and voyages. Fictitious biography often occupied his attention, especially that species of it that represents man *as he is found in real life*. His favourite authors were those painters of human nature, Cervantes, Le Sage, and Fielding. Once he received a severe rebuke from the Professor of Rhetoric, because he neglected an exercise concerning the difference between *the grand and sublime*, while engaged in the perusal of the history of Sancho's government. After deriving much pleasure from the humorous detail, he reflected, how
absurd

absurd it is, of men, without talents and knowledge, to aspire at situations for which the want of these renders them totally unfit. Although he acknowledged to his companions that the Professor's rebuke was right, as it was the student's duty to learn the lessons prescribed them; yet he could not help saying, that he thought the knowledge of a great moral and political truth was a compensation for that of verbal definition. To some parts of rhetorical lectures he applied; particularly those which illustrated the beauties, sublimities, and other excellencies of Shakspeare, Homer, and other eminent authors, ancient and modern. Both as a youth of genius, and a Highlander, he was delighted with the sublime, beautiful, and pathetic strains of his countryman, Ossian. The Professor made frequent quotations from that interesting and enchanting bard, and in one of his lectures read the pathetic episode of Carthage, with such judgement, taste, and effect, as to draw floods of tears from all

all students of sensibility, but most of all from Charles. Our young Highlander was, indeed, an enthusiastic supporter, both of the authenticity and excellence of the Caledonian poems. Highly as he admired Johnson, yet as an able logician he would not admit authority for argument.

On leaving St. Andrew's, Charles was sent to Edinburgh, and, after spending the summer chiefly in the acquisition of modern languages, and of ornamental accomplishments, he was entered at the University, and attended Dr. Ferguson's class, for moral and political science; Mr. Stewart, for the higher branches of mathematics; Mr. Robinson, for natural philosophy. Of the two last subjects he had acquired no inconsiderable share of knowledge at St. Andrew's, under the worthy and respectable Mr. V. and Dr. F. but, of the first, still more under Mr. C. it being a study which he prosecuted *con amore*. The lectures on the subject at St. Andrew's, though less comprehensive
and

and profound than those at Edinburgh, were sensible, judicious, and useful; and, indeed, very good preparations for the lessons of the capital.

His masters soon perceived the talents and dispositions of our hero, and applied themselves through the former to the latter. No seminary can be better adapted to the purposes of invigorating, sharpening, polishing, and enriching the understanding, than that to which young Douglas was sent. Every branch of learning is, regularly and systematically, taught by a Professor of ability and skill, stimulated by the most powerful motives to exertion. The instructions are not occasional, but daily, last the six months, and compose a regular system. The classics are taught, as *means* of literature, not as the *consummation* of knowledge. They are read for the facts, reasoning, images, and sentiments. The poets are studied for their sublimity, beauty, pathos, morality, and exhibition of human nature,

nature, more than as models of versification. Students consider less whether Horace's measure be asclepiad or sapphic, than what pleasure and use his writings contain. To know his *miscuit utile dulci*, they think of more consequence, than that he was most attached to a certain arrangement of the iambics, spondee, trochee, and dactyls. In perusing Euripides, they less regard the proportion of anapæsts to iambics, than the resemblance to real emotions, in the characters and conduct of Medea and Phædra. They read Virgil and Homer, to think, know, and feel more than to scan. The classics, logic, rhetoric, moral philosophy, natural philosophy, mathematics, form what is called the philosophy course. Lectures are delivered, at least, once a day, and the students are regularly examined the succeeding day, on the subject of the lectures, both in themselves, and as part of the course; the Professor encourages them to propose the difficulties that occur to them, either in
his

his lectures, or in their readings, and leads them to the exercise of their own understanding, in solving them, giving such assistance as may be necessary, and no more. The moral philosophy class, then taught by one very learned, comprehensive, and profound philosopher, (as it is now by another,) embraces the history and science both of the understanding and will, and from a complete analysis of his powers, deduces the duty of man in the various relations of social, civil, and political life. Such is its object. As to mode, it totally lays aside the jargon of the schools, and proceeds by EXPERIENCE AND INDUCTION in the several branches. The Professor, once a week, proposes themes, in that part of his course at which the students are arrived, excites them to emulation, knowledge, invention, reasoning, and composition. It is a fortunate circumstance in Edinburgh that the nomination of teachers is vested in those whose honour and interest it peculiarly concerns that those teachers be diligent and successful.

cessful. The magistrates have the professorships in their gift. They know that great fame and advantage accrue to themselves, and their constituents, from the celebrity of the University. It is also fortunate for learning at Edinburgh that the subsistence of the teachers is in a great measure dependent on their exertions. Their salaries are small, few of them exceed fifty pounds; so inconsiderable a sum, by no means admits of either the idleness or luxury naturally, and often actually, consequent on rich endowments. They must work, that they may eat. Instead of droning FELLOWS, they are active teachers. They know that the more vigorously, skilfully, and successfully they labour, for the improvement of their scholars, the more scholars they will have, and the more they promote their own interest.

In Edinburgh, a very great degree of logical acuteness, and metaphysical enquiry, prevails among the professors, students,

dents, and literary men in general. In the time of Hume, this acuteness was most frequently exerted in ingenious speculation; but Ferguson, and since the time of his lessons, Stewart, has examined the human mind, by experiment and induction; by a careful observation of phænomena, and their general laws: and, together with the accurate and profound Reid, have greatly improved logic as an instrument of enquiry, and rendered metaphysics intelligible; and, as they must be when properly understood, of the most important utility. The study of chemistry becoming prevalent, from the eminence of Dr. Black, has considerably assisted young men in the formation of habits of investigation and induction, and has corrected the tendency of metaphysics, unless very cautiously and wisely employed, to generate visionary speculations. Doctors Reid and Ferguson, Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Playfair, are not only thoroughly acquainted with the learning of their professional departments, but

but know every branch of literature and science; can appreciate each, trace them to their first principles, and view them as connected together.

“ Such men are well fitted to raise the views of the mere mathematician, and dealer in solitary and unconnected experiments, to the nature and the relations of general truth or knowledge, and to temper the airy elevations of the unsubstantial metaphysician, by frequently checking him in his flights, and calling back his attention to the objects of sense, from which, or, at least, by means of which, most abstracted ideas are originally derived.*” The various branches of philosophy are exhibited, by the Edinburgh Professors, on a very grand scale. They not only make the student acquainted with each particular science, but with its bearings on every other subject of knowledge. Dr. Ferguson’s lectures conveyed to the student a

* See Newte’s Tour, p. 367.

most thorough knowledge of moral and political science, and also the relations of these to the other sciences.

With these causes tending so powerfully to answer the purpose of a seminary of learning, other circumstances concur. There are societies originating in the spirit of literary emulation, and desire of literary improvement, which such cultivation produces, formed by the students for the advancement of knowledge, philosophical discussion, and elegant composition.

These societies, both in general and professional study, co-operate most forcibly with the ability and skill of the Professors, and have contributed not a little to the literary fame of the Caledonian capital. The company in Edinburgh is also favourable to literature. The lawyers, the principal inhabitants of the city, are generally men of letters, have received their education at Edinburgh College, and are perfectly acquainted with its plans and details; and, as they are a numerous body,
there

there are few parties of any respectability in which some of them are not included; so that young gentlemen, even in their amusements, have opportunities of learned and rational conversation.

Many of the clergy of Edinburgh, and the environs, are able, enlightened, and liberal men, totally free from the puritanical cant that descended from the Conventiclers, the methodistical jargon of more *modern sectaries*, the flimsy declamation, and theatrical tricks, of *pulpit spouters*. They, by conversation and example, contributed to increase the literary spirit. There were, no doubt, in Edinburgh, and the neighbourhood, clergy of a very different cast from a Blair, or a Robertson; men who flattered the prejudices of the vulgar, endeavoured to establish *universal suffrage* in the choice of ministers; so that a mountebank, whose gestures and harangues affected the rabble, might be chosen the instructor of the people, when a Leechman or a Campbell
would

would be rejected. Those of the clergy, however, who *verged to secederism*, were not the most likely to be chosen as associates, by men of talents, literature, and science, nor their company to be courted by young men of genius and philosophy. The clergy to whose company such young men would resort tended very much to improve literary emulation.

The merchants also from intercourse with lawyers, professors, and literary clergymen, are generally men of more enlarged conversation, than some much more opulent men of the southern capital. The opportunity of mixing with enlightened classes, liberalizes both professor and student, and frees them from the stiff manner and contracted notions incidental to the cloistered sequestration of monastic institutions.

Young men are not tied down to the dogmata of clerical authority, they are permitted to judge of truth or falsehood, through their own understandings at the
time,

time, not through the enactments of hierarchs two hundred years ago. They are allowed to choose such furniture for their intellectual apartments, as their own well disciplined judgements shall determine to be the best, without the compulsory addition of ecclesiastical fixtures.

It is obvious that the plan of study, of which we have given the principal outlines, tends to render students learned, acute, comprehensive, and elegant. But much stronger arguments in its favour than any which could be adduced, from its *tendency* we have in its uniformly experienced *effects*. In the pulpit, in the sick room, at the bar, in the senate, and in the library, we have the most unquestionable proofs of its excellence. It is by some objected to Edinburgh, that young men are more exposed to dissipation there, than in a more retired situation. A victorious army, if it do *not find*, *will make* A CAPUA. Wherever youthful passion triumphs, there will
be

be persons wicked enough to supply the means of gratification.—*Viam aut inveniam aut faciam.* The students at Edinburgh are not more dissipated than in smaller places. In that respect it is not worse than other colleges, and in many respects much better.

Our hero soon distinguished himself both for erudition and ability. He was made a member of the speculative society, and rendered himself conspicuous for the clearness and force of his reasoning, and the fertility of his genius. His favourite studies were the classics, mathematics, history, logic, and moral philosophy. He had the honour of being a distinguished favourite with the great Ferguson, and derived very great advantage from his conversation and direction. Charles, in common with all young men of talents, cherished the warmest attachment, and the highest veneration, for that acute, comprehensive, and profound philosopher.

Charles, at St. Andrew's, had, as we have

said, bestowed too little attention on rhetoric, though it was taught by a man of good talents and respectable literary character. A supposed preference to some of his own boarders, in the judgement passed on the comparative merit of some exercises, rendered Charles indifferent about his opinion, and no farther attentive to his lessons than merely to avoid censure. At Edinburgh he saw, in the superiority of composition of discourses much inferior to his own in knowledge and reasoning, the hastiness of his judgement in rating so low the rhetorical art: he now, therefore, endeavoured to supply his deficiencies. The second year of his studies at Edinburgh he attended the lectures of Dr. Blair, and derived much advantage from the plain and practical lessons of that agreeable, judicious, and useful teacher of rhetoric; that sound and just critic. His favourite study, the philosophy of mind, was not interrupted, but promoted by the reading which Dr. Blair's lessons directed and suggested. He be-
came

came fond of criticism, both in its details and principles, and could readily mark the excellencies and defects of a literary performance, refer them to their respective classes, and trace them to their sources, either in some particular circumstances of situation, or general quality of mind. In this year also he attended the class of chemistry, and made great progress under the illustrious Black. Having a great variety of knowledge, and a strong and fertile imagination, accompanied now with a competent acquaintance with the rules and best models of composition, his essays in the SPECULATIVE SOCIETY, besides justness of observation, accuracy of induction, clearness and force of argument, abounded in figurative illustration, sometimes superabounded. He had, however, the sanction of Dr. Blair's judgement in favour of the luxuriancy of juvenile composition.

There were, at that time, three classes of assiduous pursuers of literary distinction; besides those who sought eminence

by their progress in mathematical and physical science, or those belonging particularly to the learned professions. 1st. These were the pursuers of pneumatology, metaphysics, moral and political science. 2dly. The class that considered Belles Lettres and fine composition as the supreme literary attainment. 3dly. The students of elocution. All these three objects are, no doubt, useful in their kind, although by no means of equal utility and importance. Ingenious and able young men did not all attend chiefly to the first of the three, but many of them to the second: especially those who were intended for the clerical profession, and who frequently attended more to the special precepts of Dr. Blair, in that part of his lectures, which enters into the details of language and arrangement, than to those injunctions concerning professional eloquence, which inculcate the knowledge of human nature: or, to his example in his own admirable exhibitions of man, his relations

relations and duties. From this turn it has probably arisen, that the writings of several men of ingenuity of that seminary are much more distinguished for their composition than their reasoning or philosophy. As this wake, although followed by several men of genius, is much easier than the first to men of *no* genius, many of very ordinary parts betook themselves to rounding periods, instead of exploring truth, or inculcating duty. A third set formed their creed from Chesterfield's Letters, considering *matter* as unimportant, and *manner* every thing; a most excellent doctrine for those who have no brains to think or reason: such having mechanical capacities for manner, considered *elocution* as the *supreme intellectual attainment*.

While the highest set was investigating the new organ of Bacon, the ethics and politics of Aristotle, the exhibitions of character of Shakspeare, Homer, Tacitus, and Hume, as recommended by Stewart or

Ferguson; the able of the second set were describing the sublimity of Homer and Milton; the beauty and pathetic of Virgil; the correctness, elegance, and humour of Addison; the humour, wit, and pathetic of Shakspeare, as pointed out by Blair: the third was occupied almost solely in inquiring into the various sounds of the several vowels and consonants, the right mode of laying the emphasis and accent, as are directed and practised by the actors, and whose principal study was Enfield's Speaker. The reasoning, knowledge, and science which these cultivated were those which are to be found in debating society orators.

If such read Hamlet, it was not for the profoundness of the observations, for the interesting character of the hero, the fate of Ophelia and her lover, but to enquire how, in the dialogue between Horatio and the Prince—the words, *I would not hear your enemies say so*, were to be read; or in the soliloquy, to try how the words,
“ to

“to die—to sleep no more;” were to be recited. In that laborious trifling, many, of course, of very confined minds, bestowed the greater portion of their time, and most minute attention. Charles attended principally to the first, in a considerable degree to the second, and did not neglect the third.

A quick conception, a fine ear, a manly and harmonious voice, together with a graceful figure and address, enabled him easily to attain all the proficiency in elocution that was necessary to make it a pleasing and impressive vehicle of thought and feeling. Charles’s mind was at once powerful and brilliant; he excelled in profound science, and in elegant literature, he was a metaphysician on the plan of Ferguson and Reid, rejecting hypothesis, and trying every doctrine, opinion, and sentiment by the test of experiment and induction. Such a mind, *formed under Ferguson*, was not one to lay a great stress on *theatrical spouting*.

Debating societies were great places of resort among those of the Edinburgh students, that were more distinguished for pronunciation than composition or reasoning. Even young men of abilities sometimes went for the sake of amusement, and were entertained by the oratory of Mr. Alexander Atchinson, smith and student of medicine, who afterwards, as a member of the Scotch Convention, was honoured with the epistolary communications of Mr. Secretary and Shoemaker Hardy, of the London Corresponding Society. Mr. Atchinson did not, like many eminent orators of the same society, rest his merit entirely on elocution; nor, indeed, had nature been so bountiful to him in personal beauty that the elegance of his face and figure could throw an adventitious lustre over the brilliancy of his eloquence. He trusted entirely to his wit, a quality which, in that orator, consisted exclusively in broad Scotch; a mode of pronunciation, it must be

be allowed, as much a-kin to wit as spouting is to eloquence.

It may be said, that the pursuits of mere spouters are as useful as those of versifiers, musical *dilettanti*, or any other *votaries of sound*. It possibly may be so. It would, indeed, be a question difficult to determine, in any other way than by having recourse to a debating society, where the orators, being the constant and habitual votaries of mere sound, might be able to appreciate the comparative excellence of different species. I know some snarling critics might here object that, in talking of versifiers, I certainly cannot mean Latin versifiers, as debating society orators know nothing of that language, nor, indeed, of any other, at least, not of their mother tongue. That, therefore, such verses could not make part of the question. The fact I admit, but not the inference. I speak of sound only, and not of the sense; besides such an objection would proceed upon another misapprehension of the case; that, because such

orators are ignorant of a subject, they will, therefore, forbear speaking of it, or even passing sentence on it. These gentlemen have the singular faculty of ascertaining the truth of abstract questions by vote. Did not the society of the Westminster Forum, on the question, Whether there was, or was not, a Devil? without a single argument on the one side or the other, determine, a short time since, by a majority of votes, that there was not a Devil; and on the following evening, in compliance with the earnest entreaties of a thundering Methodist, by a majority of votes determine, that there was a Devil? Did not the same convention of orators propose a question, whether Mrs. Wollstonecroft's writings were useful or hurtful to society? Did not the said orators take different sides? Did not the one set, without any analysis or investigation, declare the said writings to be supremely excellent; another set of the said orators, without any analysis or investigation, declare the said writings

writings to be supremely mischievous? Did not both parties shew themselves supremely ignorant of the question in debate? And yet was not the question determined by vote?—The reader will, I hope, pardon this digression, especially if he has ever attended debating societies, as he must see that these were very naturally suggested by the idea of *sound without sense*.

Douglas's studies by no means prevented him from elegant amusements. He danced, he fenced, he rode, with equal grace. His person, as he approached manhood, improved to such a degree in elegance, strength, and agility, that, before he was nineteen, he was one of the finest young men to be seen at the Cross of Edinburgh, when, between one and two o'clock, gentlemen assembled there, and were, from the adjoining steeple of the High Church, according to the ancient custom of the Scottish capital, entertained with the sweet, melodious, and delightful

tunes of their country. He frequently resorted to balls, play houses, and other public places, and was not unaccustomed to gallantry. He had some acquaintance with the beauties of Hal-kerston's Wind, and the Old Assembly Close. He had visited the renowned Mrs. Nairn, nor was he altogether a stranger to the venerable presence of Mrs. Macgregor, who parcelled out her time equally between acts of devotion and accommodation to youth. But as nothing unusual happened in the course of his visits to these mansions, we shall not descend to particulars.

He attended to rhetoric, sufficiently to acquire correctness of composition, without wasting time and talents in rounding periods. He also made himself master of the French and Italian languages, and continued to make great progress in ornamental accomplishments and manly exercises. His vacations he spent chiefly with Mr. Wiseman and his grandfather, his father and mother being most of the time
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in England. They returned during the last session, and were present at his graduation, an honour conferred on him just as he had completed his twentieth year. From the high promise of his son, the Colonel, with the advice of Dr. Ferguson, proposed to him the English law as a profession, a proposition received with great pleasure by Charles. His father resolved, before he entered him of the Temple, to send him to an academy near London to acquire the pronunciation; but, ere he set out, took him to visit his Highland friends.

Before we revisit the Laird, it is necessary to mention the state of affairs in his family. On the departure of the Colonel, as before-mentioned, the Rhodomontades had renewed their operations on the Laird. Rhodomontade himself found means to regain, in part, the good graces of his neighbour; as did his wife and daughter, to effect a coldness between the Laird and Mess. Longhead and Wiseman. They represented

represented that both these clergymen valued themselves much on their learning, and despised those whom they thought their inferiors in that particular. They construed some jocular expressions of Mr. Wiseman into a severe attack on James's understanding, and represented the advice bestowed on him by Mr. Longhead, from motives of friendship, as an insult. Miss, particularly, often turned the conversation on the insolence of those who gave advice to persons wiser than themselves, and declared that, for her part, she considered every one who advised another as indirectly telling that other, I am wiser than you; and the follower of the advice as acknowledging that superiority. The suggestions made a deep impression on the Laird, who had taken as great a fancy to the sagacity of Miss, as heretofore an Attorney's Clerk did to that of the ingenious Mr. Partridge.

Miss Molly knew the Laird to be very fond of music, particularly of that tune
since

since known in England under the title of "Jack, a brisk young Drummer, was going on his Duty,"—"O'er Boggy," "Tulloch Gorum," and some others. These she learned and sang in a strain which, though not very melodious, enraptured honest James. She also pretended to feel equal raptures when he played them on the violin.

Eleanora likewise joined in endeavouring to detach the Laird from the two clergymen, whom she hated because they did not pay her that attention which she deemed her due. Besides, Longhead was the father of her sister-in-law. The efforts of the worthy females were successful: a coldness took place on the side of the Laird towards both. As both were conscious they had given him no ground for offence they disdained to enquire into the cause.

The Laird's attachment to Miss Molly became stronger, than ever, as there was nothing to oppose it, and many things to increase it.

Meanwhile,

Meanwhile, a tall strapping West Indian, came to Rogue Place. Miss Molly soon felt for him that affection which she wished the Laird to believe she felt for him. The West Indian soon perceived his conquest. A very tender intercourse ensued, but managed with such secrecy, as to avoid suspicion. Unexpected business obliged him to set sail for the West Indies sooner than he intended. Miss Molly was apprehensive of consequences, and communicated her fears to her mother, and she to the father. They all agreed that measures were to be taken to bring matters to an immediate conclusion with the Laird.

Rhodomontade hinted, that if the Laird had been the cause of her apprehensions he was a man of such honour that he would repair the injury. The hint of the worthy father was not thrown away. She demeaned herself with such affection towards the Laird, that she inflamed his passion to a higher pitch than ever, nor could he refrain from warm caresses, which
she

she checked with the gentlest reprimands. One day the Laird came to Rogue Place, and after dinner Rhodomontade plied him as much with punch as tended to answer his purpose. The mother went out to see a sick neighbour, Rhodomontade himself pretended to be drunk, and went, he said, to take a nap, taking the Laird's promise not to go away till his return. Left alone with Miss, the Laird began his addresses very strenuously, and, encouraged by her looks, caressed her with an eagerness that soon exceeded all restraint. Miss, after a decent reluctance, was overcome.

The Laird believing his victory to be the effect of Miss's passion, offered her every reparation in his power. Soon after he made proposals to the father and mother, which they very graciously accepted. The marriage was speedily concluded. On the eighth month, Mrs. Douglas was safely delivered of a son and heir. In this situation were affairs when the Colonel and family arrived in the Highlands.

lands. Although he disapproved very much of the connection which his brother had formed, as it was now irremediable, he resolved never to mention his sentiments on the subject. Mrs. Douglas endeavoured to render herself agreeable to her brother-in-law, because there were some points respecting the estate which she had not hitherto effected, and therefore studied to please her husband. She even found means to produce a reconciliation between the two Clergymen and the Laird, taking the blame of the quarrel on herself, professing she had disliked them, because she thought them against the interest of her affection for the Laird; but now that she had attained that blessing which she so ardently desired, she was too happy to harbour resentment, or any unpleasing passion. If she tried to please her husband's brother and his lady, she did no less to please her husband's, brother's son. It is possible she might not feel all that affection for her husband his fondness merited,

rited, or which she professed, and that, her conscience pricking her, she was willing to make up to his relation what she thought herself deficient in to himself.

We might mention another circumstance which might have some weight with some women, but which doubtless could have none with the virtuous daughter of Rhodomontade. Our hero was now turned of twenty; a majestic height, a form combining strength and agility with grace, a face handsome and manly, a countenance expressing sweetness, spirit, sensibility, and intelligence, a mien, air, and gesture corresponding with the grace, beauty, and force of his person, rendered him at once a striking and interesting figure. Mrs. Douglas, to be sure, took very great pleasure in contemplating our hero, between whom and her husband she professed to trace a resemblance, by no means obvious. Some might suppose that she meant to compliment the Laird by calling so fine a youth his image. Of that she must be acquitted

acquitted by the reader when informed, that her most ardent contemplations of the young man were when her husband and every other person was absent, her eyes would then tell him for her that she thought him the loveliest youth she ever beheld. To confess the truth she was in love with him, that is, in the sense annexed to the word by Fielding, in describing the feelings of the virtuous Mrs. Waters. Charles, though not altogether unversed in gallantry, did not understand her advances, as he really did not believe any one could be so wicked as to entertain such an idea, in a case of such affinity. But though his soul would have immediately recoiled from such a crime, he was of a very amorous constitution, and had actually made addresses to a buxom Highland lass, of shape and figure not much unlike his aunt's. One evening going up stairs without a candle, he met a female, whom he supposed to be the maid, and embracing her, had his caresses returned with a warmth which Betty had
never

never ventured to indulge. He led her into a room——and had almost attained his wish, when feet being heard on the stairs, the female whispered, in great agitation, “Heavens! we shall be discovered.” Good God! what were the emotions of our hero when, in the whisper, he recognized the voice of his uncle’s wife! Horror seized him at the thoughts of the act he had been so near committing, (an act which would have embittered his future life,) and for a while suspended the use of his faculties. When he came to himself he retired to his own room, and, after much reflection, feeling himself unable to regard Mrs. Douglas without the utmost abhorrence, feigning a head-ache he went to bed, determined the next morning to acknowledge the whole affair to his father, at the expence of probable censure to himself.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Douglas, who did not want command of countenance, went down to the parlour, and supped with great composure with the company, expressing her
regret

regret for Charles's indisposition, and imputed it to his over-heating himself at the pitching the stone with the young Highlanders of the village. Mrs. Douglas really imputed his absence to youthful bashfulness and the shame of seeing her after their rencontre, (for she had not the smallest idea that his caresses were designed for another,) and betook herself to meditation on the means of bringing the adventure to the desired issue. After a night uninterrupted and unrelieved by sleep, our hero early in the morning went to his father's apartment, and begged for a conversation alone, telling his mother, who was much alarmed at his disturbed appearance, that there was no harm concerning himself, but something that concerned his uncle, which his father would presently explain. His father accompanied him to his room, when, with great agitation, and taking much shame to himself for his own levity, he stated the conduct of his aunt. Displeasure at the intended gallantry of his son was totally swallowed

swallowed up in rage against his sister-in-law, and in grief for his duped and infatuated brother. After deliberating for some time, he resolved to take his son away immediately from the company of so abandoned a woman, and, for that purpose, to give out that an unexpected affair hurried him to Edinburgh, a deceit the more practicable as the Laird knew he was in daily expectation of a call. He went to Mr. Wiseman, requested him to ride to Mr. Longhead's, and both to meet him and his family at an inn on the Perth road, and explained the shocking cause of his resolution to his lady, requesting her to get ready for immediate departure. The chaise was ordered and every thing in readiness by six o'clock. The Laird who had returned very late with Rhodomontade from a road-meeting, both dead drunk, lay snoring a-bed.

The Colonel not choosing to come to an explanation so dreadful, on the real cause, until he could meet with his brother alone,

wrote

wrote him a note that he had been suddenly called to Edinburgh, where he was under the necessity of arriving that evening, but that he should return, if possible, the following week, and desired he might not be disturbed. The family set out, met their two friends at the inn, and prevailed on them to accompany them to Perth, reserving all explanation and discussion till their arrival in that city, where they intended to spend part of the day.

Mr. Longhead being informed of the affair, gave it as his opinion, that it would be the wisest mode to defer acquainting the Laird with what would render him so miserable, until there should be some hopes of relief, and predicted that a woman so abandoned, and so indiscreet, must soon afford legal grounds for the dissolution of the connection. Mr. Wiseman, for special reasons, concurred in this opinion, as she had repeatedly made advances to himself, both before and since her marriage. They
all

all agreed to observe silence, unless a change of circumstances should render the contrary necessary. The Colonel and his party, bidding their friends adieu, continued their journey and arrived in Edinburgh.

CHAP. VIII.

Our Hero sent to England—Journey and Fellow-travellers—History and Character of Miss Bouncer, Governess of a Boarding-School—Her Learning—Her Description of Hannibal, the *Roman* General—Her Conference with our Hero, on Love, Honour, and Secresy—the Coach takes up a young Man, who says he is a Recruiting Officer—found to be an Officer in the *Excise*—Coming near London, Miss takes a Post-Chaise for herself, her Mother, and her Acquaintance—our Hero arrives in London.

THE Colonel, we have said, had resolved to send his son to an English academy, and wrote to his agent to enquire for a proper seminary. The agent, in consequence of a diligent enquiry, recommended Dr. Vampus, an Irish gentleman, near London, as a man who had the character of being a most excellent teacher, an universal scholar, and admirably qualified for superintending the studies of young men of talents. Hither, then, it had been determined

determined to send our hero, and, in a few days, he parted with his father, mother, and sister, at Edinburgh, and turned his face to the South.

It was in the middle of June when our hero set out from the Black Bull Inn, in the Royal Charlotte stage-coach, at three o'clock in the morning, in company with three female passengers, an elderly person, her daughter, and friend. During the first stage very little was said—our hero was melancholy—the ladies were asleep. During the second, when they came to the top of a hill, which commanded a very extensive view of the Forth and the coast of Fife, our hero looked mournfully towards Edinburgh, the residence of beloved friends, respected masters, and adored parents. He indulged himself in viewing the grand and commanding battlements that, in the times of war and danger, guarded the capital of a brave and free people. When the coachman, to make up for the slowness of their ascent, drove quickly

out of sight, our hero, deprived of the interesting prospect, indulged his imagination with picturing what he could no longer see. The elderly lady, interrupting his reverie, said, she supposed leaving Edinburgh put him down in the mouth; adding, it was natural for a young person to look *glum* on parting with his friends, but that when he *knowed* London he would set no store by Edinburgh and them borish places.

“ I myself *were* in Scotland in my younger days, and thought it a smartish place enough, but now, as I knows the world, I laughs at my own ignorance in ever likingso stupid, a low-lifed a place. The folks in Edinburgh are so dirty and mean, and the worst bredest persons, and speaks such an outlandish lingo—they knows nothing, as my daughter says, of grammar, and them there sort of things. Then they has no amusements like Sadler’s Wells, White-Conduit House, Mother Red Cap’s, the Hopperas, and *Masquelades*, Bagnigge Wells, and the like of those, No, no, in
London

London we knows life, that we does. You will think nothing of Edinburgh when you comes to be acquainted with London."

Her daughter, a large bouncing wench, with carrotty locks, which she herself called auburn, said, that her own chief objections to Edinburgh were the want of genteel company and rational conversation.

"Ah! my friend," said the third, "you are so much accustomed to elegant parties at home, it is not surprizing you should be disgusted by the dullness and aukwardness of the Scotch, and, as to conversation, you are acquainted with the first men of the age. But what a charming party that was, the Sunday before we set out, at the Jack Straw's Castle. You remember that funny old gentleman, Mr. Curry's story, about Wat Tyler, and Jack Straw, and the tax-gatherer, ha, ha, ha!"

Miss Bouncer, the old lady's daughter, looked grave at this, and observed, that Mr. Curry, though a man of learning and sense, often departed from delicacy, other-

wise he would not, in company with ladies, have *colluded* to such a subject.—

“ I confess, I like many parts of Mr. Curry’s conversation, he is an *ingenus* and *larned* man. He and I have often disputed about history—you remember his account of Hannibal, the Roman General, passing the Alps from France to Italy.”

“ Who was he, my dear,” said the mother, “ a Protestant or a Papish?”

“ Mother, mother, I am ashamed of you; how often have I advised you to read, that you might cultivate your mind. A mind without knowledge is like a field without culture. Did you never hear me tell the young ladies who the Romans were? Hannibal was one of their greatest Generals.”

At this our hero smiled, which the daughter said she could not blame, considering her mother was so ignorant. She then proceeded to inform the company who the Romans were, with many particulars of their history. Romulus, she told them, founded Rome, and was succeeded by Tarquin,

Tarquin, who was banished for his rudeness to a lady; after him Fabius came in play, and then Cæsar, who defeated Alexander the Great, at Pharsalia. She now took it into her head to change seats with the other lady, so that she sat opposite to our hero, and, by this means, had a full view of his very fine countenance—a movement that soon abstracted her attention from dead to living objects; finishing her account of Cæsar, by observing, with a simper, that like all fine men, he was very fond of the ladies. Charles formed a strange notion of this lady, not so much from her blunders about Hannibal and Alexander, as from occasional observations, such as the last, which he was not accustomed to hear from young ladies.—Whatever opinion he entertained of her, it is certain she soon entertained a very favourable opinion of him. She was much taken with Douglas, and entered into a conversation with him on a different topick from Alexander or the battle of Pharsalia.

Our hero soon conceived an idea that though she had mentioned Tarquin's rudeness, she did not altogether resemble Lucretia. Having good reasons not to be on the reserve before her mother and friend, who were entirely in her confidence, she began to pay him some compliments on his face and figure, asking, with a simper, whether a fair lady was not the cause of his melancholy, making no doubt, she said, that so handsome a young gentleman had made an impression on many a heart. This observation she accompanied with a look which our hero both understood and felt. They soon arrived at Greenlaw, where they were to breakfast. Our hero very politely handed the ladies from the coach, and was favoured with a kind squeeze from Miss.—On viewing his shape and gait as he walked, Miss was still more enamoured of Charles.

This Miss Bouncer was about five and twenty, a jolly buxom lass. She had some years before met with a misfortune, which, unlike those who discover their distresses to
excite

excite the compassion of their fellow-creatures, she took every means to conceal, and knowing the general disposition of mankind to sympathize with young women, particularly of female friends, she generously wished to spare them the concern the knowledge of a friend's disaster causes to feeling females, a concern manifested in *active exertions to make the misfortune known*, and so procure the compassion to the sufferer. She, her mother, and the other lady in the carriage, had managed with so much secrecy, that it was never proved to be true that she had deserved that compassion, though generally believed and generally asserted by her intimate friends. Indeed so zealous is the desire of ladies to get their friends *pitied*, that, on very slight grounds, they insist that they have met with misfortune. This was not the case, however, with Miss Bouncer, she was really the object of that compassion of which, in scripture language, "more blessed is the giver than the receiver." The cause was an

actor. So truly generous is the nature of women that they not only forgive, but love, those who have done them an irreparable injury. From liking the man, Miss Bouncer liked the profession, but not finding herself requited according to her ideas of her own qualifications, she left it in disgust. This she was enabled to do with the less detriment to her interest, as a gentleman, between whom and her there had subsisted a very intimate friendship, had settled 200l. a year on her for life, and presented her with a thousand. Besides, having a heart disposed for friendship, Miss Bouncer, on the death of her benefactor, which happened after the settlement, contracted an equal intimacy with another gentleman, a rich merchant. By his assistance, in addition to her own property, she was enabled to set up a boarding school for *instilling knowledge and virtue into the minds of young ladies.*

She was then on her return from a jaunt during the holidays. In her *present* profession

sion a certain degree of circumspection was necessary before the public, but before her mother and the other lady, would have been *superfluous*. She was delighted with our hero's beauty, and wished to make him sensible of her own sentiments, which, from his complexion and countenance, she did not conceive to be a difficult attempt; not that we would disparage the lady's prowess in the warfare of love, by asserting she could easily be deterred from encountering an antagonist. She was a valiant soldier from *natural* and constitutional *courage*, and from genius, guided by experience, was a disciplined and able general. She had an enthusiastic love for the service—she was particularly skilled in the means “to urge the foe to battle.” In this she, indeed, greatly resembled the renowned Hannibal. She immediately comprehended the dispositions and characters with which she was to contend. Before the rash and ardent, she, like the great Carthaginian, would pretend to retreat until she had drawn him into a defile, from

which there was no escaping without a close engagement; she surpassed Hannibal himself in some parts of generalship. She could not only draw on to combat the warm and eager Flamminius and Terentius Varro, but had so artful a mode of skirmishing as would provoke the cool veteran Fabius to enter into battle.

On their return to the coach, she took care to sit next Douglas, and whilst her mother and friend amused themselves with cribbage, she soon saw her assiduities were not unfelt, and entered into a long conversation with him, of which love was the chief subject, though, now and then, she would endeavour to raise herself in his estimation by a display of that learning which, as a Governess of a boarding school, she was allowed to possess. In passing near Flou-denfield, our hero happening to mention that battle, so mournful to his countrymen, and imputing the victory to the superior conduct of Surrey, and discipline of his troops, but vindicating an equal share of prowess to
the

the Scotch as to the English army, Miss Bouncer, who had all the prejudices of a true Englishwoman, remarked, that though the Scotch were very brave men, yet in all their contests the English were superior. Our hero, who had as much national prepossession as she, went over all the history of William Wallace, Robert Bruce, and other Scotch heroes, and shewed that, though the English had occasionally gained great victories, they had not been, on the whole, superior, as the Scotch had preserved their independence. He proceeded to the Highlanders in particular, went over the history of 1745, declaring his abhorrence of the cause, but his admiration of the courage and enterprize by which it was supported, and described Fontenoy, Quebec, Cape Breton, &c. concluding that he never knew British troops beaten by an equal number of foreign; but that the Scotch, and particularly the Highlanders, equalled any of the British forces. This subject so animated our hero as to confer additional lustre

lustre on his eyes, to render his whole countenance more impressive and interesting. He had, though warm, conducted the subject with perfect politeness. Miss pardoned his opposition, and was more and more captivated by his charms and accomplishments. She proceeded no farther on the comparative merits of the two countries, probably thinking UNION better than competition. She now turned her discourse upon Scotch music, and conceiving our hero would naturally be attached to the tunes of his native country, entertained him with several songs which she had learned in her theatrical course, and added one to an Irish tune, viz. *Had I a heart*, &c. from the Duenna, which she sang with melody, and with a pathetic expression, joining and varying some of the words to the tenderest parts, with the accompaniments of looks still more tender, and concluding with so soft and an impassioned a sigh as quite captivated our hero.

Meanwhile the coach arrived at Whittingham, where they were to dine. Excellent
Tweed

Tweed salmon made part of the dinner, a dish of which the mother and friend ate so heartily, as to require two full bumpers of brandy, and as they joined our hero and Miss Bouncer after dinner in dispatching two bottles of port, they no sooner re-entered the coach than they fell fast asleep, and snored in concert. Miss, who had drank a sufficient quantity to increase her liveliness, instead of lulling her to sleep, renewed her advances. One thing, however, startled her; she had learned, during dinner, that he was going to the academy of Dr. Vampus. Now the Doctor was her neighbour, and they frequently visited, and thence she foresaw that her residence would be soon known to the youth. Miss Bouncer was really benevolent; and though she delighted in conferring happiness, was anxious to conceal her favours. She was satisfied with her own conscience without the assistance of fame. Very young men, she knew, were, from the ebullitions of her gratitude, apt to celebrate the benefits conferred

ferred on them by the fair. From intimacy with such; with a generous self-denial to the pleasures of renown she abstained; contented with deserving, she did not seek notoriety. These considerations somewhat checked her favourable intentions, until she should sift the youth on the subject of secrecy. She turned the conversation upon honour, particularly that species of it that is connected with concealment, and her objections were completely removed. Our hero ventured to bestow very warm caresses on his enamorata, which were returned with interest. She whispered him he was the loveliest youth she ever beheld, and would be an excuse for any woman's fondness. At this time one of her companions snoring very loud, she said, that, not to be disturbed by them, she was resolved to have a room to herself at the inn, at Newcastle—they arrived—Miss went immediately to a separate apartment, our hero soon after took leave of the other ladies for the night. He happened to have the next room to

Miss,

Miss, and having omitted bidding her good night, bethought himself of repairing to her chamber for that purpose. Miss thanked him for his politeness, and resumed the conversation on love, honour, and secrecy.

From Newcastle to Northallerton our hero and the young lady slept as soundly as the other ladies had done the day before. At Northallerton they were joined by a young gentleman with a cockade in his hat, who said he had been recruiting in the North, and entertained them with a recital of his adventures in a military capacity. He would have, he said, liked very well to have continued, in the country, a recruiting, as he found it very pleasant among some d——n fine girls, who was very fond of him, but that a noble peer had insisted on his coming to London to be presented to His Majesty, previous to his Grace's leaving town for the summer; that the Duke was a d——d honest fellow, and he did not like to disoblige him. The
Duke

Duke had promised as he should get him a Captain's commission; that he was a prodigious favourite with his Grace, and also with the Duchess, and, indeed, all the Lords and Ladies of the family. Lady Selina and Lady Wilhelmina often contends which will have me as a partner. Lord Anthony and Lord Edgar is never happy without me. They tell me, by G—d, I am the drollest and most wittiest companion they ever knew: and then there is Guzzle, the chaplain, we does make such geame of him. They and I often travels in the stage, in order to get fun with the quizzes one meets with there."

At this the mother frowned, and looked important—her friend bridled up—Miss Bouncer sneered contemptuously—and our hero smiled. The officer said, that another reason for travelling in stage-coaches was, that they often picked up d—d good pieces. He then began to compliment Miss Bouncer in a style of great familiarity, which displeased her very much, both as he was of
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a very ordinary appearance, and was a bar to her conversation with our hero. Douglas had said very little during this discourse, from which the Captain, very unfortunately for himself, supposed him a simple raw lad, and began to make him the subject of his wit, in order to raise himself in the estimation of the ladies by the depression of the other.

“ So, Mr. Sawney, you are going to London, are you? yes, yes, I know as how you Scotchmen likes to leave your own d——d country to feed upon us. It is better than your own famished mountains. Roast beef and pudding is better than oat-meal gruel. I wishes as there was a law to prevent them lousy Scotch foreigners from over-running us as the locusts did the JEWS.”

Our hero was too young to regard this piece of ribaldry with the deserved contempt, but too brave to quarrel before women, when not attacked by actual violence. He, therefore, endeavoured to
stifle

stifle his resentment until they should arrive at the next stage, which he understood was not far off. The Captain went on—"the Scotch officers are such d——n mean, dirty scoundrels, that, by G—d, I and seven others of the most respectable of our regiment always sends them to Coventry, that we does."

Miss Bouncer, to please our hero, took up the subject, and declared that the Scotch officers, whom she had seen, were genteel, well-informed men, as, indeed, were, the English; that those of both countries had the language, education, and behaviour of gentlemen, and when she met any person calling himself such, who shewed himself by his conversation and manners not a gentleman, she concluded him not to be of the profession and rank he asserted. Whilst the Captain, who was not quick at any thing, but still less in applying censure to himself, was pondering on this speech, the coach arrived at Weatherby, where they were to dine. Our hero saw the ladies to an apartment
and

and returned in quest of the Captain, determined to chastise him, so as to prevent a repetition of his impertinence.

When he returned to the yard, a post-chaise from the South was just driving to the gate, from which descended a gentleman and a servant. The gentleman went into the house; the servant espying the Captain, ran up to him, took him very cordially by the hand, calling "Ned, how dost? I hope hast secured the pleace." Ned looked confused and made no answer. This his friend observing, and, at the same time, espying the cockade, "what has't lost the pleace and art listed?" Ned slunk away. "So then," said our hero to the fellow, "this person is not a Captain?" "A Captain," replied the other, laughing, "no, no, he was my fellow sarvant, and the 'Squire got him an exciseman's pleace at Northallerton; but I suppose he has been at some of his old tricks, and got into a scrape, he looks so glum. He often used to get measter's clothes and go a courting, and,

and, as he is a hell of a coward, often got licked. Measter missing several things of value, found him out to hae ta'en 'um, and so, Sir, he turned Ned off; but as he knows a thing or two of measter, the 'Squire gave him a good character and got him the pleece as I mentioned."

This account entirely removed the resentment of our hero, which was before pretty well stifled by contempt. The worthy officer did not choose to go farther in the coach. After dinner our hero proceeded with the ladies. At Barnby Moor, where they supped, Miss Bouncer proposed to halt, till the next morning, to rest. To this they all agreed, and the coachman was, by strong arguments, prevailed on to accommodate the travellers. The other two ladies indulged themselves in a very hearty glass, and Miss Bouncer not choosing to witness so glaring a departure from propriety in her venerable and venerated parent, respectable and respected friend, retired. In the morning they set off, all parties

ties pleased with the amusements of the evening, arrived at Biggleswade, where Miss proposed leaving the stage-coach, and proceeding the remainder of the journey in a post-chaise the following day. Miss had concerted with our hero, that they should separate here, and he not proceed until the afternoon. This arrangement arose from the same magnanimous self-denial to the pleasures of fame which we have before celebrated. It was also agreed that Miss should proceed to her own house with her friends, leave them there, return to town, and meet our hero at a place which she appointed, pass the evening together, meet next morning by accident in the same stage, she find out he was going to Dr. Vampus's, invite him, out of politeness, to visit her, as a pupil of her friend, the Doctor. Every part of this plan was executed, and every part of it to the perfect satisfaction of the gentleman and lady.

CHAP. IX.

Our Hero arrives at Doctor Vampus's.—A short History of the Doctor.—His wonderful Learning, and wonderful Virtue.—Intimate Friendship between the Doctor and Miss Bouncer.—Strict Friendship between Governors and Governesses of Boarding Schools, conducive to the Propagation of Learning.

OUR hero set off in a stage coach to the village in which Dr. Vampus's house was situated. In the coach, among other passengers, he met with a grave sensible lady, with whom (the others occasionally joining) he entered into some conversation, in the course of which he informed the company he was going to be under the tuition of Dr. Vampus, to finish his studies. The lady (whom before some person in the coach had addressed by the name of Miss Bouncer) opened in praise of the Doctor's abilities, knowledge, and goodness, and said, that the young gentleman would find there

there every thing that could contribute to rational pleasure, and to utility; that there, from precept and example, every one might improve in politeness, learning, wisdom, benevolence, and, what is highest of all, religion.—The coach now arriving at a place where one road led towards the village, and the other towards a heath, near which Miss Bouncer's house was situated, Miss Bouncer left them, very civilly telling our hero she would be very glad to see him with Doctor and Mrs. Vampus. Our hero very politely thanked her, and promised to avail himself of her invitation. In a few minutes the stage stopped at the Academy, and our hero was received with many protestations of kindness by the Doctor and his lady.

Dr. Vampus was an Irish gentleman, who had acquired a very high character, and a very flourishing school. By most of his acquaintances he was looked on as a man of vast natural talents, and universal learning. A grammarian, a rhetorician, a

philosopher, a mathematician, a historian, a politician, and every thing like the Greek in Juvenal.

"Quemvis hominen secum attulit ad nos."

Anglice—*An imported Jack of 'all trades.*

His benevolence equalled his abilities and knowledge. He never failed to embrace, and, indeed, create opportunities of communicating his wonderful erudition; *not to the learned*, as to them it would not have been so peculiarly useful, *but to the unlearned*, who most wanted instruction. Ladies in general have not made classical literature, mathematical, and metaphysical science, objects of attention. That deficiency the Doctor saw and regretted. With a view to incite them to such studies he, in their company, celebrated the praises of Horace, Virgil, Tacitus, Livy, Demosthenes, and Homer; of Euclid, Maclaurin, and Newton; of Locke, Reid, and Aristotle, with many other

other eminent historians, orators, poets, and philosophers; harangued on the beauty, dignity, and force of the Latin, and much more of the Greek, tongue; and repeated passages in both languages to the astonished and admiring audience. Nay, so liberal was he of learned communication to the unlearned, that a glazier never came to put in a pane of glass, a carpenter to mend the boy's lockers, a footman, or maid servant, with a message, without receiving a large allowance of Latin and Greek. He would tell a drayman that the horses trotting over the stones after the dray was empty, resembled the *polupholisboio thalasses* of the Mæonian bard. He would tell an hostler of the Bucephalus of Alexander. Once having heard a lesson in Anacreon, he told a Naiad who was vending her marine stores, and who disdaining unnatural restraints in part of her figure, resembled that beautiful animal into which the jealousy of Juno metamorphosed Io, that she was like the Kouré Bathukolpos of the lyric

poet. Economy is the nurse of munificence. That he might have stores of learning to bestow on the unlearned, he, with a rigid parsimony, abstained from giving any to the learned.

This prodigy of erudition was a native of the county of Clare, and had received his school education at Killaloe, on "Shannon's Flowery Banks." Like some other eminent men he, in his earlier years, did not give signs of that distinguished genius which so many afterwards esteemed him to possess. The master, not supposing him destined for any of the muses, advised his parents to commit his tuition to a person, who, though not versed in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, had the art of metamorphosing trees into chairs, tables, and bedsteads. The advice was followed. With this *preceptor*, Mr. Vampus remained *seven years*. Nor did he even then exhibit those extraordinary talents for which he became afterwards so renowned. His *tutor* used to say he could trust him to fell trees, saw timber,

or do any thing else that required strength of hand; but could never get him to groove, design, or do any thing else to any purpose that required ingenuity of head. His father dying, and leaving him some money, he left the carpentry business, and returned to court the coy muses. After being some years again at school, he was promoted to the dignity of an usher, and taught young men the various endings of the word Musa, in consideration of the regard which he professed to the NINE. Now his genius began to dilate; in three years he was promoted to instruct the pupils in Ovid's Epistles.

It was a wise and profound remark of that eminent philosopher, 'Squire Western, "that it is better to see a daughter over modest than forward." This observation, supported by so distinguished authority, and sanctioned by the applause of that no less eminent divine, Parson Supple, may, in some degree, apply to sons as well as daughters. That modesty is becoming in

men, as well as women, the learned clergyman just mentioned, proves, beyond all controversy, "because the Greeks and Romans thought so." The greater the merit, the more valuable, it will be allowed, (perhaps, even without a quotation from the Greeks and Romans,) is the modesty. With what pleasure, then, will the reader hear, that modesty failed not to attend the extraordinary merit of Mr. Vampus. A striking instance of that virtue we shall proceed to record. So diffident was this promising youth of his own powers and acquirements, that he, before he attempted to give a lesson in Ovid, studiously prepared it *by the help of a translation*. Wisely considering that to boast of modesty would be absurd, he never made public this laudable mark of his diffidence. The self-denial, as the reader will perceive, deprived him also of the praise due to his diligence. From this modesty he chose his intimates from among the lower ranks of the classics, rather than the higher.

His

His *prime* favourite was Corderius; Eutropius also came in, *at last*, for a great share of his good graces—we say, at last, as for a long time he thought him very difficult of access, but with true christian meekness forbore making that inaccessibility a subject of complaint. The precept, “Speak not evil of dignities,” he out did, he spoke well of them, even although they did not deserve it *at his hands*. Tacitus, Juvenal, Thucydides, Demosthenes, and Plato, *though not personally acquainted with them*, he often and loudly praised; indeed, much more than *selectæ lectiones*, and his other cronies, with whom he found himself *almost* at home. His enemies, and the best and wisest are not without them, alledged that Mr. Vampus was not free from the vanity of pretending to intimacy with grandees, whom he knew only by sight. That, however, is probably a malicious allegation, if it should be true, it leads to the following very just, profound, and *original* reflections, that every man has his

fault, and that even *Irishmen* themselves will *sometimes* deviate from modesty. According to these detractors, Mr. Vampus would talk of Sallust and Livy, as noblemen of the easiest manners; who were always at home to him, though, in fact, he had never been in their houses, or, at most, only in the anti-chamber; he would praise the affability, sense, and virtues of Horace, though he had never spoken to him, unless through Christopher Smart, one of his footmen. It must be owned that he did frequent the company of footmen, and that even his intimacy with Mr. Eutropius commenced through that person's servant, for he too must have one; as to Cordery, as the reader may perhaps know, so humble is he that his man and he are never asunder.

After Mr. Vampus had taught Ovid for for several months, the master pretended the boys were making no progress, and having detected him consulting a translation, during the lesson, for a word he had forgotten, insisted on examining him.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, the reader may think it would have been as wise to have examined him before his promotion, as after; but they must allow this not to be the only instance wherein ascertainment of qualifications does not precede promotion. Be that as it may, examine him he did, and sorry are we to say, that the report was not favourable. Mr. Vampus, for the sake of variety, very frequently gave different accounts of the same transaction. Of this examination he gave two; by one he imputed the master's censure to envy of his superior talents; by another he ascribed it to his own policy, that he wanted to leave that place, and could not fall on any other expedient than pretending ignorance. On departing from the school, he bethought himself of going over to England. He did not choose to apply for a recommendatory certificate, to his late employer, as the same envy, which he had already displayed, would hinder him from giving one that could answer any good purpose; but, as he had conceived

one to be necessary, he sat down and *wrote a very high character of himself*; this a friend copied, and kindly subscribed it, with the name of the master of the school.

So recommended and qualified, he set out for London, and soon after hearing of a master of an academy who wanted an usher, he waited on him, produced the *certificate* of his abilities, and was appointed. This gentleman had a daughter, to whom, and to her father, Mr. Vampus rendered himself so agreeable, that he soon married the lady, and was admitted to the management of the school. He had not been long master before he procured the degree of "Doctor of Laws," from a Northern seminary, remarkable for its liberality in the bestowal of literary titles.

The learned Martinus Scriblerus observes, that every man of noble birth has every good quality inherent in him, whether exerted or not. It is not birth only that has the privilege of conferring merit without
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the trouble of action. The same advantage adheres to various circumstances. A certain conical cap, called a mitre, is not merely an ornament to the outside of the head, but contains a spirit which penetrates into the skull; and, though the said skull may have before been hollow, it fills it with brains; the proprietor becomes learned and wise. Descending lower it instils into the heart, charity, meekness, humility, holiness, and every other moral and christian virtue, and that without the labour and expence of exercising them in the common affairs of life. A high appointment in the state, bestows capacity on the holder, and fills his mind with political information and science, without the trouble of study and reflection. Mr. Vampus is a striking instance of the efficacy of title and situation in bestowing excellence, since, from the parts and literature we have commemorated, he, on being dubbed a doctor, at one bounce, reached the genius, exten-

sive, and profound erudition, which we celebrated in the beginning of this chapter.

Doctor Vampus was too wise a man to regard, in a wife, so fading a quality as beauty. Mrs. Vampus was not eminently handsome. She was tall, flat chested, with a tawny skin, large mouth, pinking eyes, and a short nose. Her temper was not altogether so agreeable as could be wished, being fretful and captious. Her neighbour, Miss Bouncer, saw, with much concern, the faults of Mrs. Vampus, with whom she was extremely intimate, and often lamented them to the Doctor, with whom she was still more intimate; and as compassion is unavailing without consolation, she did every thing in her power to make up to him for the defects of the lady. The worthy man and she were of great service to each other, by reciprocal recommendations. The one never let slip an opportunity of celebrating the other, as eminently qualified for forming, both by precept

precept and example, youth to sense, knowledge, religion, and morality.

There appears to be something in certain situations tending to excite the sympathy of love. In domestic societies, the butler and the cook, the valet de chambre and lady's maid, the hind and the dairy maid, the footman and the house maid, are generally linked together in the same bonds of affection. This evidently arises from a coincidence of general views, which opens the mind more to the special sympathy. In preceptorial society, the usher and the usheress, the master and governesses, are often united in love.

Great and manifold are the advantages arising to society from a proper sympathy between teachers of different sexes. Comparing the results of their separate experience, they can form the most efficacious plans for instruction.

The Doctor had acquired a very great renown as a teacher, and was entrusted with the charge of young men, in every stage of their education, often of those, who

who had gone through the course at Eton and Westminster, and he being eminent for *finishing* their studies, and sometimes with gentlemen of the Universities, during the vacations. Indeed, there was no branch of literature or science, which the Doctor would not undertake to teach. Among others, the fame of Doctor Vampus had reached Mr. Advance, Colonel Douglas's agent, they became acquainted, and he recommended him to the Colonel.

Dr. Vampus had heard from Mr. Advance, and also Mrs. Advance, of the progress of our hero in his studies, had prepared a conversation, which he conceived would give his pupil a high notion of his talents and qualifications. He began with interrogating him what classical authors he had last dipt into. Our hero answered, that he had lately been reading the Annals of Tacitus, the Satires of Juvenal, the Tragedies of Sophocles, and the Orations of Demosthenes. Those were all
authors

authors on whom the Doctor never ventured rashly; but having furnished himself with literal translations, made a shift. Before he began, after careful preparation, to hear lessons in them, he laid several in store that he might not be overdrawn before he had time to have his literary account credited by new effects. A misfortune, however, had lately happened to a volume of Gordon's Tacitus, and, unluckily, that volume, the original of which Douglas was reading. The Doctor, therefore, saw it expedient either to postpone the study of that historian, until he could procure a fresh copy of Gordon, or to read another part of which the translation was not lost, for still was his modesty such that, notwithstanding his own wonderful learning, he trusted to the explanation of others. He proposed, therefore, that our hero should read the treatise on the manners of the Germans. Tacitus, he said, was a favourite author with him. He had been solicited by eminent literary authors to
translate

translate him into English, and add notes, philosophical, moral, and political, and was actually engaged in the work, but it was not yet ripe for publication. He would have been farther advanced had he not been engaged in controverting his friend Aristotle in some of his positions in politics. "He is, in my opinion," said Vampus, "too friendly to democracy, and visionary in his theories. It would have been much wiser of him to have followed his master Plato, and reasoned from experience, instead of framing plausible hypotheses." At this observation our hero, who was not ignorant either of the opinions or reasonings of the two philosophers, was a good deal surprized; on reflection, however, he looked on it as a *lapsus linguæ*; and, that the Doctor had inadvertently used the name of the one, when he meant the other.

He proceeded next to the drama, asserted that there could be no good plays without *a rigid adherence to the three unities*, and quoted the *opinion of Doctor Johnson*,

Johnson, in support of his position. Our hero, who had read *Johnson's* Preface to *Shakespeare*, conjectured that the Doctor made intentional blunders to try his progress in criticism. He did the Doctor very great injustice; for, though that worthy man often employed the species of discourse, commonly called *nonsense*, his use of it arose from the understanding, not from the will. *Often as he spoke nonsense, he spoke it not knowing it to be such*; but, as our hero was not yet acquainted with him, he thought otherwise, and said, with a smile, that he saw the Doctor wanted to catch him, but that he had read *Johnson*, and considered the end of tragedy to be, "to copy nature, and instruct life;" and shewed, that nature could be copied in all her modifications and varieties, and life instructed through that imitation, without attention to the unities of time and place, and that he knew the Doctor was really of the same opinion, although he supported the contrary to expose him. The

Doctor

Doctor perceiving he was in the wrong box, hastily acknowledged our hero had spoken his own very sentiments, and had expressed rightly his motive for pretending the contrary. His friend Sam, he said, had often consulted him while writing, both the preface to Shakspeare, and lives of the other poets. He now talked of Perseus, whom he thought a very perspicuous writer. Livy, Sallust, Virgil, and Horace, no doubt, had many excellencies, and were very proper for students. He himself must confess, he would now and then take them up for amusement, but they were too easy to attract a real scholar; and he wished there was more in them to stimulate exertion. The same objection he had to Homer, Demosthenes, and many other writers. A young gentleman who was present observed, that it was no wonder the Doctor thought slightly of Homer, Cicero, and Sophocles, as he was so very familiar with their writings; as the finest prospects make little impression on those who are daily conversant

conversant with them. At this remark the Doctor simpered, and then proceeding from the classics to modern authors, gave his sentiments concerning their several merits. He spoke highly in praise of Shakspeare, declared he understood every word of him, lamented so much of him was unintelligible to the bulk of readers, and wished he had time to dispel the mist in which, to weak eyes, he appeared to be involved. He exclaimed against the Commentators on Sir Isaac Newton, for spending time in explaining what was so evident. Locke and Hutchenson were good summer reading.

A lady took the opportunity of a pause in the Doctor's discourse, to express, in a whisper, her admiration of his wonderful learning, he over-hearing her, reminded her that she had committed a trespass; for you know, my *dare* madam, my friends are so partial to me, that they often put me to the blush with their commendations. I have, therefore, he said, made it a rule, that they never
praise

praise me to my face. I have not all the learning the world supposes, there are many people superior to me. "Oh, Doctor!" replied the lady, "superior to you!" "You will trespass," said he, smiling; "but, really and sincerely, I believe, that though I may not have very many my superiors, there are some my equals; at least, I rather think so; perhaps, indeed, there are not many who have endeavoured; remember ladies and gentlemen, I say *endeavoured*, to acquire the knowledge of such a multiplied variety of subjects: indeed, my late worthy friend Hume would say, that none whom he knew had actually read so much; but he was partial. We were very good friends. Often were Smith, and he, and I, together. Johnson used to blame me for keeping company with an infidel. To oblige my friend David, I took pains in revising and correcting his history. I advised him not to *lean so much towards presbytery and republicanism*. He left out the most whiggish passages, but still he had a hankering

hankering after the presbytery. Johnson disapproved much of his history. I have *discovered*, you must know, Johnson rather inclines to toryism; and another thing I have found out in him is, that he dislikes Scotchmen."

The lady hearing Johnson named, said, she had lately met his friend Mr. Boswell, who was a most wonderful ingenious man, and had a vast share of learning. With this remark the Doctor concurred, observing, that Mr. Boswell was one of the most discriminating and profound men he had conversed with, and that it was reported he was collecting materials for a life of Johnson, and that it would be a very great addition to biography; that he had considered the Doctor's life, conversation, and behaviour, with the most exact attention; and that it was from Mr. Boswell he first learned that Doctor Johnson was fond of tea.

The lady said, she believed Mrs. Piozzi was no less acquainted with the Doctor's
mind

mind and manners, than Mr. Boswell. She had met with Mrs. Piozzi lately at a route, and they had much talk about Dr. Johnson, during the deals; that the Doctor liked peaches, and veal pie, with sugar and plumbs; but what she remarked most of all was, his great fondness for boiled pork. The lady hoped, Mrs. Piozzi would also favour the world with a life of Johnson. Dr. Vampus, with gravity, remarked, that Dr. Johnson was uncouth in his manners, as my friend Ovid, would say, *rudis indigestaque moles*. The lady concurred in this original ingenious observation. The Doctor explained the quotation for her information and instruction. Dinner interrupted the learned discourse.

After dinner, our hero retired with the other young gentlemen, who had been present during the display of their preceptor's literature. The Doctor soon after withdrew, to walk, he said, on the heath with his boys, but took an opportunity
of

of calling to pay a friendly visit to Miss Bouncer, and congratulated her on her safe return. She expressed much pleasure at the sight of the worthy man, assuring him that she had not enjoyed any happiness when absent.

While the Doctor and Miss Bouncer were together, our hero walked in company with Mr. Sidney, the other young gentleman, who entered into a discourse calculated to sound Charles's depth. Sidney was now in his twentieth year, had been at Eton School, was an excellent classical scholar, and had made considerable progress in other parts of literature. Our hero displayed such powers and knowledge, as surprized Sidney, who soon after meeting one of his companions, took him aside, and declared that the Scotchman must soon smoke our Doctor. He gave an account of what had happened between him and our hero, and also of the learned conversation of the Doctor,
on

on Douglas's introduction. They then rejoined our hero. After the first compliments, Spencer, Sidney's friend, called out to Douglas, "So, the Doctor has been opening his budget to you."

"Yes," said Sidney, "the whole bag was emptied. Mr. Hume gave him his history to revise. He is translating Tacitus and Aristotle. He finds Horace and Livy too easy. He wished he had time to explain the seeming obscurity of Shakespeare. Sir Isaac Newton's commentators were idle, in spending time and labour on what was obvious; with the whole rigmarole that you have heard a hundred times."

"I thought," said Charles, "the Doctor had been reckoned a very learned man."

"He is," replied the other, "as any one will be, who eternally talks on learned subjects before those who know nothing about them. It was the fame of his learning that made our fathers send us here.

By

By G—d, if they know him as well as we do, they would fetch us off in a hurry. They never saw him but once, and then he talked so finely, and paid them such attention, that they were delighted with him; and *our mothers*, who often came to see us, (having less to do at home,) *praise him to the skies.*”

“ I found him out in a few days, by a gross blunder I heard him make, in construing Sallust to a boy. The boy asked him the meaning of *novas tabulas*, which Catiline promised his accomplices, which you know means, an abolition of debts, or a sponge to begin on *a new score*; a great temptation to *profligate fellows* overwhelmed with debts, to attempt the subversion of a constitution. The Doctor would have it to mean *new pictures*, as if men would plot the ruin of their country to get new pictures. But we soon discovered much grosser blunders, on every subject, on which he tried to appear learned; however, we find it a pleasant place enough. He sus-

pects *we know him*, and lets us do what we please; read novels, play at cards, get in wine, stay out all night; thinking, *that by letting us do as we like, he will prevent us from exposing his ignorance*. Indeed we do not, unless to young gentlemen, whose knowledge we see to be such that they must discover him, which is not the case, I assure you, with all the grown-up scholars here. We also, in return for his indulgence, assist him in keeping the younger boys in order, and impressing them with a high opinion of the Doctor, and we puff him off to the parents. He is himself capital at that, and has manifold expedients for passing the *shadow* for the SUBSTANCE of education and improvement. He pretends to make the boys speak Latin as fluently as English, and has them publicly examined to shew their proficiency. The boys get by heart *certain dialogues*, composed by the usher for the purpose, question and answer. A friend of the Doctor's, pretending to talk extempore, asks them questions, to which they

they return the answers that have been dunning into them for six months, and so the boys are thought fine scholars, though many of them cannot decline *Gradus*; the parents are pleased, and the master celebrated for his abilities and skill. He also makes them shew off in history, geography, and mathematics. There is a boy of twelve years old, who has a good memory, that went over the first book of Euclid, and conned over the 47th for a month. He could begin with “Let A, B, C , be a right angled triangle, right angled at the point A ,” and go through as fluently as a parson runs over Athanasius’s Creed. The boy, who *does not understand the definitions and axioms*, was praised for his mathematical knowledge, and the Doctor celebrated as another Sir Isaac Newton, though he never passed the *pons asinorum*.

“He talked of M’Laurin’s Algebra, when he cannot make out two sums together, in vulgar fractions, without turning to the *key*.”

The youths, for the present, finished their

eulogium on the Doctor. Our hero soon found, from his own observation, that the account of his comrades was far from being exaggerated, and that the Doctor's literary qualifications were very confined. He one day took occasion to offer to the Doctor to translate Horace's Art of Poetry, which he himself knew well, and trusting to his own discoveries, and the opinions of his companions, ventured, in two or three instances, to depart from what he knew to be the meaning. The Doctor had suffered him to perform the exercise, under the idea that Charles was perfectly acquainted with the original, and that his version would require no correction. On perusing the version he saw something of it must be wrong, but could not tell why. SMART, unfortunately, could not be openly consulted, and he had not had time to prepare the letter to the Pisos, with *Christopher's* assistance. He therefore thought it best to make small corrections, and declare himself highly pleased with the performance on the whole; leaving the most important

important deviations from Horace's meaning without censure, or, indeed, remark. As the knowledge of our hero was much more extensive than that of any of his comrades, though very good scholars, so did he perceive more numerous and varied proofs of the Doctor's ignorance.

Whatever deficiencies Vampus might labour under in point of talents and learning, he discovered great dexterity in turning his small pittance to the best account. *He was an impostor, but a very successful impostor.* The principal instruments of his imposition, pompous and insinuating puffing, flattery, cringing, impudence, insolence, varied according to the person addressed. Towards those whom he considered as of little importance he exercised pompous arrogance, delivering his opinions as infallible, even resenting an attempt to discuss them. To those whom he wished to appear to think of greater importance, he mixed insinuation with pomposity. He put them in perfect good humour, by persuading them of his great respect for themselves ;

and, having thus insinuated himself into their favour, he opened in his own praise, and easily impressed them with a high idea of the talents of a man who had, in his high opinion of them, given so unequivocal proofs of his discriminating judgment.

Towards persons whom he really thought of high consequence he employed the most extravagant flattery, and most humble cringing, especially when likely to establish a good connection. *Many other school-masters, as well as Vampus, descend to procure scholars, to meaner, more degrading, and more contemptible servility than the lowest shop-keepers to procure custom.* Perhaps that may be one reason that, by many, who judge rashly, the school-masters are held, as a body, in lower estimation than they, as a body, deserve.

But while he cringed he puffed. He talked of his stock and mortgages, of his learning and talents, of his manners, his virtues, his every accomplishment.

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If he equalled low tradesmen in fawning, he surpassed most of them in art and trick. He was peculiarly dexterous *in detaching scholars or connections from other schools*; in this, indeed, *arguing from the frequent practice of the trade, he might plead retaliation*. He took great pains to get acquainted with the ushers of his neighbours; and if he learned they were popular among the scholars, he flattered, and bribed them to poison the minds of their pupils, and often profited from the exertions of those he had suborned to betray their trust.* Had Vampus met with no more success than he merited, he would have had, at least, necessity to plead in excuse of these artifices; but as he had been, by his imposture, extremely successful, and had realized a considerable fortune, it must have been inveterate habits of rascality that made him still continue to practise these despi-

* This has actually been proved to be a common practice with a *low, ignorant* writing-master, near one of the roads to Brighton.

cable expedients of his earlier years. *The acquisition and continuance of pupils, however, he owed, in a great degree, to the weakness, ignorance, or indolence of parents.* There are few subjects that ought to interest parents more than the education of their children; yet few in which, about London, they are so compleatly duped. They repose the most important of all trusts, without employing adequate pains to investigate the ability and character of the trustee.

Vampus did not pass as a man of ability, literature, and extraordinary merit, with the illiterate only, but even with some men of learning. An ignorant pretender will often be supposed learned, even by a man of real knowledge, *if he take care to talk in general terms, where the latter has no motive to sift him,* much more, when this latter is, by deference and submission to himself, made well-disposed to the impostor. What makes the imposture more generally practicable, is, that there are many more men of learning to be met with,

with, than of strong and discriminating understanding. Dr. Vampus paid very great attention to men of *literary reputation*, rising in his homage as *their fame* increased, and made himself acquainted with as many of them as he could; and as he gave excellent dinners, and the best wine, he was frequently honoured with their company. Men are very charitable in forming an idea of him with whose good cheer they are pleased. They judge not so much from the relish of their host's conversation, as from the relish of their host's venison and claret. Besides, though the Doctor was very far from being intimately acquainted with literary performances, either ancient or modern, he had heard the characters of many of them, and learned them by rote. He, therefore, could talk very fluently on their merits, without understanding a word of what he said, and at the same time cautiously, in literary company, guarded against particular discussions; and *to talk plausibly on the general*

merit of books of notoriety, requires, merely, a tolerable memory, without the smallest exertion of judgement. In companies, which he did not esteem literary, he talked without restraint, as he was under no fear of detection. His language was pompous and sonorous; his pronunciation full and slow; and, notwithstanding a great twang of the Irish accent, added to the apparent importance of what he spoke. He had a consequential air and gait, which to many conveyed the idea of dignity. When talking to parents, either of the past or future improvement of their children, *he took great pains to know their reasons and their prejudices*; he made it a rule to adapt his answers to these, without in the least considering whether they were, or were not, consistent with truth. When enquiries were made by parents, he was sure to give a most favourable account, concerning the general progress of their sons, but more especially in those things which he knew would please the enquirer. If the father wished

wished his boy to be a scholar, then the youth had a wonderful turn for the classics; if a man of business, he had the greatest readiness at cyphering he ever knew; if for the army or navy, he was an excellent mathematician, and was making uncommon proficiency in gunnery and navigation: a dialogue conned over for a month, was ever ready to prove the destined scholar's erudition; a cyphering book, or a manuscript treatise on book-keeping, *retouched by the writing master*, to shew the mercantile progress of the intended trader; drawings of mathematical figures, to demonstrate the knowledge of the young soldier or sailor. If a parent or guardian came to place a pupil with him, he enquired what was the young man's destination in life, and on learning it observed, that though his school, he had the honour to be able conscientiously to say, was adapted *to every sort of improvement*, yet that requisite for the young gentleman was *his own forte*, an observation he might

make, with equal justice, concerning every branch of knowledge.

He never failed to bestow the most humble attention on the mothers, especially in families where he knew they held the reins of government; nor did he neglect to pay his court to their milliners, their waiting maids, or footmen; all of whom were generally favourites, though in different degrees according as dress, scandal, or love, predominated in the lady's breast, and one or other of which learned personages had great weight in forming the opinion of the lady respecting the education of her children. His dancing master, Monsieur Skipier, too, was of very great use in recommending scholars. As he was esteemed a good judge of the management of the heels, it was taken for granted he was no less so in the management of the head. Indeed the Doctor once got three scholars owing to the professional skill of Monsieur Skipier.

A lady happened, one day, to be in a company, into which there soon after came
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an Eton youth, her nephew, and a boy from Dr. Vampus's. The Eton scholar came into the room with a nod, whereas the other made a *very polite bow*. She rebuked her nephew for his want of breeding, and expressed her wish that he was like the other young gentleman.

"Like him," said the nephew, "he has been longer at school than I, and can't construe three lines together of Ovid; I am in Virgil, and near the top of the form."

That had no weight with the aunt: finding, on enquiry, that the *boxer* had been educated under Vampus, she sent her three sons there; it being, she said, a place where they would be properly taught, she knew from master Lackbrain's graceful manner of coming into a room.

The Doctor also derived considerable benefit from his connection with female boarding schools, especially Miss Bouncer's. That lady was in great vogue, under the patronage of a worthy nobleman, who recommended her to all his tradesmen; and she

she and the Doctor had a great mutual affection. The Doctor had no rival in her good graces that he knew of, but the nobleman above-mentioned, nor she in his, that she knew of, but Mrs. Vampus. They were each contented knowing their respective rivals not to be formidable.

When the reader considers the prevalence of imposture about this great capital, that the English unsuspecting openness of character, notwithstanding their excellent sense, exposes them to cheats of every sort beyond any other people, he will not be surprized that Dr. Vampus, with all the art he used, should pass for an able man, a great scholar, a skilful and successful teacher.

Our hero, on the discovery of the unfitness of Vampus for his profession, at first, thought it would be incumbent on him to inform his father. Several considerations, however, induced him to postpone the execution of that design. The Doctor did every thing in his power to render his
house

house agreeable to his pupils, especially those grown up, carried them to balls and visiting parties, allowed them to go out without himself, and never troubled them with animadversions on their conduct. If they staid out, he sat up for them, asked no questions where they had been, or, if he did, was satisfied with any answer they chose to give. Should they have happened to sacrifice too freely to Bacchus, all he required was, not to make a noise, lest they should be seen in that condition. If he observed them paying too much attention to any female, he kindly turned away, unless he thought himself observed. Billiards, cards, dice, he suffered them to mind, even if they sometimes absented themselves from school for the purpose. In short, whatever they pleased they might do, unless they proceeded too openly, when he was known to be present. This mode of life was but too agreeable to young men. Even those who, from having been before at good schools, had acquired knowledge,

were

were contented to forego improvement for indulgence. They all soon found “bring in another bottle,”——“four honours the odd trick,”——“Black-eyed Molly,” more pleasing than

*Nil dictu factum visuve, hæc limina tangat,
Intra qua puer est.—*

“Let no indecent conversation or behaviour appear
“in the presence of youth.”

Our hero, we are sorry to say it, was soon drawn into the vortex of dissipation. Once engaged in such a course of life, the same ardour of mind which had stimulated him, when properly directed, to be the first in the improvement of his mind, when *without right guidance*, impelled him to be the first in excess. Finding himself so pleasantly situated, he considered the inability of his master as immaterial, as he thought his own private studies could supply the deficiency, besides the general pleasure to a young man acting without restraint. The company of Miss Bouncer endeared him to the place. That lady knowing he was under no restraint at Dr. Vampus's, very often

often invited him to meet her in town, whither she went every Saturday, and staid all the night. Charles always spent his Saturdays and Sundays in London. One morning, after he parted with Miss Bouncer, who hurried home to accompany the young ladies *to church*, he took a stroll towards the Jew's-Harp. There he met a remarkably handsome little woman, in company with a thin, mean-looking creature, whom he heard her call my Lord. Having seen hardly any peer but the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Dorset, and old Lord Errol, he had associated the idea of elegance and grace with nobility, and concluded that the person addressed was not my Lord, but my Lord's valet de chambre. He therefore, without scruple, ogled the lady, to which she paid no attention, until the person with her happening to look another way, she gave Charles as kind a look as he could wish. Not long after, in pulling out her handkerchief, she dropped a card, on which was written,

Mrs.

Mrs. Dupecull, Harley-Street. A waiter informed him that the person with her, whom, from his appearance, he could not suppose a gentleman, was a Lord, known by the name of my Lord Sneak. On hearing the name he recollected the history of my Lord, which was this: Sammy Sneak, Esq. of Sneak Seat, destined to be the representative of the ancient family of the Sneaks, having been kept at short allowance by his father, found it necessary to look for a fortune for himself; an attempt the more bold and enterprising, as he was very slenderly equipt in the articles of personal and mental qualifications. As to body accomplishments, he was about five feet, six inches high, with a puny, feeble figure, a cadaverous face with goggling grey eyes, a squab nose, large lips, a very thick skin, and a mean and peevish expression of countenance. As to his understanding he was dull and ignorant, but endeavoured to supply the deficiency by cunning. As to his acquirements, he was well skilled

skilled in scraping on the violin, in breeding horses, in superintending the cook and butler. He had begun the world as head groom to a Duke, heretofore well-known on the North road. About that time, he made love to a very amiable young lady, whose only brother, a youth of great fortune, was in a consumption. The young lady believing herself to be the object of his affection, overlooked the meanness of his appearance and became his wife. Finding, on experience, that he was by no means the MAN for *love* and *her*, she pined. Sammy, conscious of his defects, endeavoured to atone for them by gratifying her vanity, and, by the influence of the Duke, procured a seat in the Senate. Behold Sammy Sneak, now, like the illustrious Sir Francis Wronghead, a "Parliament man." The brother dying, Sneak came in for the fortune, and his lady, in shew and splendour, endeavoured to forget the secret causes of family uneasiness. But the numerous parties in which she now engaged rather increased,
than

than diminished, her repining at her fortune. When she beheld the graceful Conway, the vigorous, manly Lord W. Gordon, the athletic Charles Wyndham, the elegant Huntley, she could not but sigh to herself, how unlike my poor, mean, puny Sammy Sneak. Finding senatorial dignity could not efface inherent meanness, she urged him to try a cockade, and, that he might be out of harm's way, in a militia corps. A regiment was accordingly raised. Sammy got the command. Behold Sammy Sneak now a Colonel. Even this did not answer the desired effect, the military dress tended to render his appearance more strikingly ludicrous. At last application was made for Sammy to become a Lord. My Lady had, with very great and laudable self-command, conducted herself with the strictest virtue, though often tempted to the contrary. Sammy, now Baron Sneak, very conscious that there was a cause which might induce many women to go astray, became jealous of her, and suspecting a tall fine Irishman
to

to be in her good graces, he, one day, displayed his prowess so vigorously (unlike Jerry of the same name,) as to give the lady a severe drubbing. She left his house. Lord Sammy foreseeing that a great part of the fortune would leave the house with her, thought it wiser to seek conciliation, and take his chance of the Irishman. Overtures were made to her through the agency of my Lord Rawbone, and they were successful, my Lord settling the terms. As many reports had been circulated respecting Lord Sammy, to discountenance them, he, though by no means addicted to gallantry, took this Mrs. Dupecull into keeping. She, judging from a much more extensive range of experience, formed the same conclusion as my lady. Mrs. Dupecull, like the worthy Jenny Diver, made it a rule to make certain gallants pay in an inverse proportion to their charms. Sammy's pecuniary contributions were, at that rate, necessarily, very munificent. My Lady dying, my Lord
very

very openly, and, indeed, *ostentatiously*, appeared at all public places with Mrs. Dupecull, and was so desirous of its being known that he kept a mistress, that he introduced to her acquaintance his son, a half-begotten, lath-backed, puny, shambling, snivelling boy, of fourteen, and a complete coxcomb. This youth, whom he fondly cherished as the future representative of the Sneaks, he had taken care to have educated in such a way as to be likely to resemble his father. He had committed his tuition to George Dunderhead, formerly teacher of psalmody in a part of the country in which Sneak had a summer residence, and afterwards promoted to carry messages to Mrs. Dupecull, or other ladies, with whom Lord Sammy wished to be thought intimate, to assist Sir Sammy himself in inspecting the buttery, and to be preceptor to my Lord's son and heir.

Though Mrs. Dupecull had several favourites, she was not so exclusively attached to any one as to refuse a handsome stranger,

stranger, and she had not, for a long time, seen a man whom she thought so handsome and so graceful as our hero. Charles understood that this was not the time to pay his compliments to her, but, repairing to her house, left a note with an address to the Portland Coffee-House. There he had not waited long when a maid delivered him a letter to which he paid instant attention, and was received with no less kindness than he had been by Miss Bouncer. While our hero was thus indulging himself in pleasure, he received, from Ireland, a long letter from his father, containing much fuller and more particular information respecting his friends in Scotland than he had before received; but these shall be the subject of a fresh chapter.

CHAP. X.

Our Hero receives Letters from his Father—Account of the Proceedings of the Rhodomontades and their virtuous Daughter, with the Infatuation of the Laírd—Douglas introduced to his Aunt, Mrs. Lighthouse—Description of that Lady and her Husband, the Colonel—Dinner Party at their House—Conversation between Dr. Strongbrain the late Aughterarder Minister, Dr. Gradus, of Oxford, and some others—Mrs. Lighthouse's History of the Boarding School Teacher of Kensington, and her Lover—the Miscarriage of a Love-letter put into a Prayer-book at Church—Party to Ranelagh, with an Account of the Company.

Mrs. James Douglas had had the address to persuade her husband that our hero had made an attempt on her virtue, and that the fear of a discovery had caused him to leave the place immediately, and that he, no doubt, had imposed on his parents, but she knew would not deceive her husband. She suborned his mother to confirm what she said, which the worthy woman

man did with as much assurance as that with which the much renowned Fireblood heretofore bore testimony in favour of the more renowned Jonathan Wild, Rhodomontade would have sworn with equal freedom ; but as he was dead drunk the evening the assault on his daughter's virtue was said to have been made, his testimony, *which was always at the service of his friends both in word and oath*, would not have answered the purpose. Mr. Longhead finding out the false impression made on the Laird, tried, with the assistance of Wiseman, to convince him of the truth, but, instead of succeeding, so irritated the Laird, that he told them that they asserted slanderous falsehoods. To this, Longhead, who was very passionate, replied that he was a fool, and duped by a strumpet and a scoundrel. Both left the house in a rage ; a rage really unbecoming men of talents in a discussion with a poor, weak creature, and which, besides, tended to rivet the influence which they wished to

destroy. The Colonel happening to be in the country with his lady, went to call at Tay Bank, on his brother, determined that the Laird should either investigate the truth, or that they should bid adieu for ever. Finding, after a few words, James bigotted to the Rhodomontades, embraced the latter alternative. Though an old soldier, and, consequently, less prone to quarrels than boys when they first get on the red coat, before they have ascertained their courage, yet the Colonel resolved to horse-whip Rhodomontade wherever he met him, not considering him as a proper subject of more serious chastisement. As the Colonel, Wiseman, and Longhead, entirely absented themselves from Tay Bank, the Rhodomontades and their daughter, with the ministry of aunt Nell, governed every thing at that place. The Laird became more and more fond of his bottle, and had impaired his constitution by his excesses. The Colonel was now returned to his regiment, his lady was with him; their daughter

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ter was left with the Governess at Edinburgh, under whose care she had been educated. He expressed, in the highest terms, the delight which he and Mrs. Douglas felt from their perusing Dr. Vampus's account of Charles, which they implicitly believed, and also with his own letters, which gave a very just and able picture of every thing he chose to describe, as it really was; they wondered, however, that he did not bestow more praise on the Doctor. The Colonel concluded that he should be in London the next spring, to embrace his dear son, and to remove him to the Temple. The affection and veneration he felt for both his parents; the love and esteem with which he knew they regarded him; the confidence they reposed in him, all struck on our hero's mind at once; and, in viewing some parts of his conduct, filled him with compunction. It appeared to him that he had betrayed their trust in suffering them to incur the expence of his residence with Dr. Vampus, from which he

knew he could derive no advantage, in making their ignorance of the character of that preceptor the means - of his own pleasurable dissipation. He reflected that their circumstances were confined, and that they had straitened themselves to promote his improvement, an improvement he knew could not flow from Dr. Vampus. I ought, he said to himself, to employ every moment to obtain knowledge, to render myself qualified for earning my own bread, and ceasing to be a burthen to my generous parents. At first he resolved to write his father, most explicitly, his opinion of Dr. Vampus, how ill fitted he was for conducting his studies, and also to acknowledge his own inconsideration; but, on revolving the affair farther in his mind, he recollected that he might study as well at Vampus's as in the Temple, and determined to study very hard, and so atone to his own conscience for his late negligence. Besides, the Colonel had received a letter from his brother in India, mentioning his
intention

intention of soon returning to England, and requesting his brother to take charge of inspecting his agent's account in London, and laying out remittances from him to the best advantages; he, therefore, intended, in a few months, visiting the capital, when Charles resolved to explain fully in conversation what he had at first thought of laying before him by letter.

Enclosed in the packet was a letter to Mrs. Lighthorse, the youngest sister of the Colonel, who, with her husband, was to be in London about that time. Charles, as soon as he heard that his aunt was come to town, presented his letter, and was most kindly received by that lady and her husband, to both of whom we shall now introduce the reader.

Mrs. Ann, the youngest of old Mr. Douglas's children, was of a very different cast from her sister Eleanora. Her face, though not handsome, expressed pleasant dispositions, a strong and bright understanding; her person was short, and rather clumsily
O 3 formed;

formed; but an easy and agreeable air greatly concealed its defects. Her intellects were, as her countenance expressed, brilliant and vigorous; her heart was benevolent, but its amiable qualities were tinged with vanity. That passion often added to the exertion of her powers of pleasing, but sometimes led to too ostentatious a display of her talents. In most companies she could, without any apparent effort, be eminently distinguished; but, not satisfied with distinction easily acquired, would sometimes take pains to convince her audience of her positive, and even comparative, excellence. As that, however, did not frequently happen, she was generally a very pleasant companion. She had been educated under the care of an aunt, her godmother, a woman of excellent parts, who had, in her early years, been a successful adventurer in the lottery, and, dying rich, had left the greatest part of her fortune to Nancy her favourite niece. After her aunt's death, Miss Ann had usually

usually resided at Edinburgh, there she had become acquainted with Captain Lighthorse, a brave, active, and accomplished officer, whose person and manners made a deep impression on her heart; nor was he less captivated by her fortune: in a short time they married. The honeymoon was hardly over, when Mrs. Lighthorse discovered defects in the Captain, which she wished he had been without. Her fancy had painted him as able and informed; but her judgement, now that it exerted itself more impartially, found that he was merely lively, specious, and superficial; and, that though agreeable in his manners, he was irritable and captious in his temper. He was particularly tenacious of what he called his arguments. Mrs. Lighthorse rather employed too much pains to shew she was a better reasoner than her husband, which was very obvious without any pains at all. They and their family had been, during some years, in France, and Mrs. Lighthorse had not seen her

nephew since he was twelve years old. She was pleased, proudly pleased, to behold the son of her favourite brother, so elegant and charming a youth; and much more delighted to find in his conversation, a vigour of genius, which she considered as, in some degree, a family inheritance, although all the family did not partake of it. Her husband was also much pleased with young Douglas, who, from modesty and politeness, bestowed on his arguments and observations, a deference and attention, which he himself only thought they deserved. Both did every thing in their power to make their house a place of favourite resort to our hero. Their eldest child, an interesting, ingenious girl, about fifteen, assisted their efforts, especially by her skill in music, of which Charles was a great admirer; and the young lady was particularly remarkable for her exquisite performance on the harp. The Colonel, though not a very profound scholar, had received in Scotland the routine of College

lege learning, and was a great enemy to some parts of the English modes, though not very capable of appreciating the value of systems of education. He was very fond of learned company and talk. To gratify our hero, and, as he thought, display himself, he invited several young literary men to meet him at dinner, and also some more advanced in years. Charles's attention was chiefly attracted by a gentleman of a thick, squat, figure, and a very coarse face, but a countenance, by no means unamiable, and, at the same time, expressive of very great force, and comprehensiveness of mind. During dinner, however, his genius did not unfold itself in discourse; indeed he did not speak a single word, except answering to every individual that offered to drink wine with him, "With all my heart;" and, after swallowing a large quantity of salmon, with a proportionate share of lobster sauce, he drank a bumper of Cognac, observing, that it was excellent brandy, the effort of utterance, however, hastening

a carminative operation of the fish and liquor; an operation which, from various causes, he, like the renowned Sancho, often exhibited.* After dinner he opened with a degree of strong genuine humour, extensive knowledge, and original thought, that our hero had seldom seen equalled. Intermingled, however, with his genius and learning there was an eccentricity and whimsicality, which, though to superficial people they added to the estimation in which his talents were held, had not that effect on our hero, whose own strong mind considered substance, not merely mode. He also observed certain opinions on religious subjects that were, by no means, consonant to those of the ablest men, and soundest reasoners he had known. Examining his features more particularly, he believed he recollected them, and asking his aunt in a whisper, found he was right, and that

* See Don Quixote's advice to Sancho, on the article of eructation, Vol. IV. where the illustrious Pancha is about to set out to his government.

the gentleman was the old friend of his uncle, Mr. William Strongbrain, now also a doctor, though of a very different cast from his friend Doctor Vampus. As he had heard in Scotland some traits of his character, he was the less surprized either at his ability or oddities. The conversation turning on Reid's Intellectual Essays, then just published, he took a survey of pneumatology, through all its stages, to the present time, historically and philosophically, so as to give a clear and connected view of the subject. An Oxford Graduate, to introduce philological disquisition, mentioned the translation of Samson Agonistes, and entered into a very minute investigation of the iambics and anapæsts of Euripides, and repeating one of the strophes from Phædra, asked if he did not think it a fine piece of versification. The other not directly answering this question, entered into a discussion of the character of Phædra, especially her own, and her confidant's. Aristophanes being

mentioned, William assigned the moral and political causes which gave his talents that peculiar direction. The mob were Lords; to gratify their envy and malignity, their flatterer (the comedian) abused the sublimest doctrines, and the wisest and best of men. Dr. Gradus repeated the name of every species of verse used by Horace; Strongbrain analysed his ethics and criticisms, and traced both to their causes. Colonel Lighthorse turning the discourse on the history of England, a subject on which he thought himself well informed, gave a tolerably accurate account of the battles of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. Dr. Strongbrain gave the moral and political character of these times, and generalized the military spirit. Some one making the common-place objection to Hume, that he was a friend to Tory principles, William shewed, that he only palliated the conduct of the Stewarts as natural, did not vindicate it as just.

On

On a pause in conversation, Mrs. Lighthouse mentioned a ludicrous incident of a love affair, between an usher of a boys school, and an usheress of a girls, which she had heard from her son's private tutor. The usher and usheress had, it seems, frequently met each other when walking with their respective pupils, and sighed, and ogled, at each other, particularly *at church*, to the great edification of their charge; especially of the young ladies, so likely to profit by the example which their governess and parents expected them to imitate. Having, frequently, evening assignations, Mr. Wilson, the *lover*, had one Sunday learned that their meetings were observed, and one having been formed for that evening, was at a loss how to convey a letter to Miss *Palaver*, the *loved*. At last he bethought himself of writing a short note, which he put into a Prayer Book; and going into church a little before the service began, placed it in that part of the pew where Miss usually sat.

By

By some perverse accident he mistook the pew; the Prayer Book and letter were opened, by an elderly Dowager, who had a remarkable fondness for the younger part of the opposite sex, and very readily believed herself the object of juvenile attachment. The letter was conceived in the following terms:

“ My sweetest, loveliest, angel,

“ Will you have the goodness to bless me with your company, at seven, in the lane near Holland House, instead of the Gravel Pit Gate?

“ Your’s eternally, &c.

“ R. WILSON.”

Now it had happened that the Dowager had actually seen Mr. Wilson in that part of the gardens, and as she simpered and smiled, he had amused himself in paying some compliments to her that made an impression on her heart, which, as she had met with no other

other young man since, had continued. Mrs. Toothless had not the smallest doubt that the letter was intended for her, and the word *before* referred to the interview in question. She, accordingly, arrayed herself in, what she thought, her killing dress, and hied herself, with palpitating heart, to Holland's Fields, where she found the gallant in eager expectation of his mistress's arrival. Not disposed, *then*, for amusing himself with her vanity and folly, he bowed very slightly, when she, not attending to the coldness of his manner, took out the letter, and, kissing it, seizing his hand, declared he had made her the happiest woman on earth, and that he was master of her fate and fortune. Wilson, at first, was confounded, but, seeing the letter, comprehended the mistake, and snatching it from her, immediately departed with great expedition; she followed him with less, but as much as she could exert, and proceeded to the garden, but arrived too late to meet Miss, who had been obliged to join a party of her acquaintances,

quaintances, and he had no opportunity of explaining to her the reason of his absence at the hour and place appointed. Meanwhile, Mrs. Toothless had met the servant of the boarding school, and, in the rage of disappointment, told her what had happened, and a great deal more, protesting that he had offered her marriage, and was basely breaking his promise. The maid had, herself, cast the eyes of affection upon Wilson, and conceived, from the Dowager's account, the hopes of embroiling the lovers. She accordingly told Mrs. Toothless that she had reason to think the letter was intended for Miss Palaver, but that, if she would leave the matter to her, she would set them by the ears, and thus there might be a chance for the recalling his lost affections. Betty, eager on the execution of her project, returned home, although she had been allowed to spend her evening abroad, informed Miss P. that she had seen Wilson embracing Mrs. Toothless, and, that she had received undoubted information

tion that he was going to marry her for her money. Eliza Palaver had been piqued at his failure at the usual assignation, and, in that pique, had joined a party, instead of waiting for her lover. The party consisted chiefly of those antiquated ladies whom the irreverence of youth styled *old cats*. In company with these there happened to be a very graceful youth, who paid Eliza more attention than to the rest, and as her mind was made of very flimsy materials, gave a shake to her constancy. This encounter, co-operating with the account now delivered by the maid, determined her, rather too hastily, to discard Wilson as a lover; and she immediately wrote him a very angry letter. Wilson, who was a Scotchman, and a proud one too, perused her letter at first with anger, and then with contempt.—Dr. Strongbrain, on hearing the story, entered into a dissertation on the tendency of certain relative situations to produce amorous affections. That the formality, gravity, restraint, and

pedantry,

pedantry, of male and female teachers, might naturally cause a similarity of sentiment, which might easily rise into the sympathy of love. A literati, he said, of both sexes, very often became enamoured of each other, especially where the parties agreed with each other in peculiarities of opinion. He believed there was frequently an amorous fellow-feeling between female authors and male critics, a notion which might account for the favourable reviews of some modern novels. Mrs. Lighthorse smiled at this remark, but observed, she by no means considered Mr. Wilson, who was a man of strong talents and extensive learning, as on the footing of a common usher, and rejoiced at the dissolution of a connection which she considered as beneath a young man of his powers. Strongbrain, in the course of his conversation, swallowed a great quantity of wine, which soon impaired the force of his understanding, but not before he had discovered our hero to possess very superior abilities; on that account,

count, and because he found him to be the nephew of his old friend, he requested a farther acquaintance. Gradus had followed Strongbrain much more closely in wine than in argument. The two Doctors fell asleep and snored in concert. His nap so refreshed Strongbrain that he agreed to join the company, who were going to Ranelagh. Gradus went home to *smoke a pipe*, an amusement not customary in the Rotunda.

Our hero walked between his aunt and Strongbrain, and from both got much information, but from the latter many curious remarks respecting the characters present.

“Do you know,” said Mrs. Lighthorse, “that lady?” pointing to a very beautiful woman, who was speaking in the Scotch dialect.

“She is,” said Douglass, “very like Lady W. but it is not she.”

“You are right; it is her sister, the Duchess, a woman of very considerable talents. That young lady behind her is her
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her eldest daughter, and lately married to the nephew and heir of the Duke, and a most lovely wife he has ; nor are her sisters inferior to her in beauty and virtuous accomplishments, and I make no doubt of their having equal high offers as the Duchess. That dark, short, thick man, that just passed us, is nephew to the same Duke."

"What!" said our hero, "is that Charles?"

"Yes," said Strongbrain; "look well at him, you may look at many before you will find his equal. What a capacious forehead, what rich eye-brows, what an expression of expanded intellect, what benevolence and liberality beam through that dark cloud! His mind excels most minds in quickness of conception, versatility and force of operation, and comprehensiveness of views; he is the ablest simplifier of complex subjects, the readiest solver of intricacies, that is to be met with."

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A gentleman, who had a little before joined their party, observed, that he could not altogether agree with the ingenious Doctor as to the comprehensiveness of Charles's views, at least, did not think his attention was always directed to the whole of the subject.

“He often, I think,” says he, “considers things in rather partial and detached lights. His powers are more frequently exerted in the invention of the most apposite means, than in the choice of the wisest ends, and even his means are frequently by no means conducive to the end which he seeks. He is certainly much more a man of genius than of wisdom. Whatever principle he adopts, he adopts too implicitly. Manifold and various as his arguments are, he is equalled in force, and surpassed in appropriation to the subject, by his opponent ; in knowledge, generalization, and philosophy, he is inferior to one who is likely to become his opponent.”

Strongbrain had, either from envy, or
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some other cause, a great dislike to the gentleman last alluded to, who, besides being a politician, was at the head of the literary men, that class to which he himself belonged, though from his carelessness he by no means ranked so high as he might have done from his talents, and pretended to speak of the gentleman, as merely a man of lively fancy, attacked the part he had taken respecting the French revolution, praised that event, and said, it was now time for men to steer by the *polarity of reason*, instead of mere coastings of experience; launched into the doctrines which he had imbibed from Rousseau, Voltaire, and Helvetius, and predicted universal liberty, peace, and happiness from the new order of things in France. Wars, as my favourite said in the House, originated from the old despotism, consequently its abolition will put an end to wars."

"You and your favourite too are very right," replied Dr. Grecian, the other gentleman, "in leaving the coastings of experience,

perience, if you wish to establish the principle, that free countries have been generally peaceful, an induction from history would establish the contrary."

Grecian had formed his political opinions chiefly from Aristotle, as explained and illustrated by subsequent experience, and exposed the danger of the visionary theories of the French philosophers. Our hero being asked now, by his aunt, to take a turn round the room, they were presently joined by the Doctors and other gentlemen. Mrs. Lighthorse observing our hero cast his eyes on a very vulgar couple, bedizened out with a most profuse finery, asked him, "Well Charles, what do you think of that lady with the mutton fist?"

"What," said he, "the vulgar dowdy, with the broad shoulders, large face, thick lips, pug nose, and wide nostrils?"

"The same."

"I suppose she is some rich tradesman's wife, from Shoreditch."

"Your conjecture is natural, I allow,"
said

said she, "but not just. Her maiden name was Dutchsquab, *she is a negro-driver's frow, fresh from Demarara*; she had married Monsieur Heureux, but he dying, and leaving her very rich, she married the person with her, John Dulman, Esquire, as he now styles himself, who wanted dame Heureux's money, in order to pay debts he had incurred to a very expensive mistress, and to be able to indulge her extravagance. John Dulman and his *dame* taking a fine house in London, tried to become people of fashion; gave concerts, parties, routes. The *dame* endeavoured to learn drawing, music, and all fine accomplishments, but nothing could *whitewash the negro*. Negro driving itself has no great tendency to liberalize the mind, and Dutch minds are not the most easily liberalized any more than the Dutch manners are the most easily refined. She is a strange compound of French vanity and ostentation, with Dutch vulgarity and avarice. Dulman himself is a poor, mean, pliant creature,

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one of those trifling characters that defy analysis. He has, now and then, tried to be a rogue, but the stupidity and confusion of his head prevented success. Whoever gives sumptuous entertainments will not want visitants. They have a numerous set of acquaintance, some of them very low, who fancy the Dulmans elegant people, while the genteel part laugh at them."

Mrs. Lighthorse, who was rather satirical, directed her nephew's attention to a lady with a beautiful, expressive, and lovely countenance, accompanied by a simpering, smirking, spruce gentleman, whose large mouth was perpetually open in a grinning smile. Mrs. Lighthorse knowing the lady, paid her compliments to her, and expressed her concern that she had not seen her in time to have requested her company at the tea party. Mr. Tattle thought this a good opportunity of broaching a favourite subject with him. He was employed in an office under government, and not having a large stock of ideas, he made a little

go a great way. He usually entertained his friends in the evening at the neighbouring coffee-house, with an account of the bills that he had paid or funded in the course of the day, and seemed to derive a great importance from the money not belonging to him, but which had passed through his hands. They would, he said, have been at Ranelagh sooner, but he was detained on government service. Tattle was particularly well versed in history, that is, the history of what was going on in his own neighbourhood, and equally ready to communicate as sagacious to discover. Our hero afterwards expressed his surprize that so sensible and sweet a woman, as the lady appeared to be, had married such a gentleman as 'Squire Tattle. Mrs. Lighthorse replied, that he would form a very erroneous idea of the understandings of most women, if he estimated their talents by their choice of a husband. Strongbrain then pulling our hero by the sleeve, said, "you are in luck, my young friend. Do you see the gentleman

man with a very red face, and sharp eyes, sitting in that box."

"Yes."

"That is no less a man than —— the first comic author of this century: he has taken not local but general nature for his archetype, especially in his last performance. His writings have not for their objects this or that fashion for a head dress, or the capes and sleeves of coats, but affections and operations of mind, which are the same at all times. With the justest and chastest humour is interspersed wit, as brilliant as Congreve's; less exuberant, indeed, but more appropriate."

"There is," said Mrs. Lighthorse, "one very material defect in the moral sentiments of his play. It inculcates the reversal of the maxim 'be just before you are generous.' I wish, notwithstanding, that he were to continue the exercise of his comic powers. I think his dramatic works more beneficial to the public than his political efforts."

“ He seems,” said Dr. Grecian, “ to have too warmly embraced the visionary abstractions of the Price and Priestley school; he and his countryman, of extraordinary genius, seem to have had a schism in politics.”

“ That gentleman,” said Strongbrain, “ so often changes his opinions, that we may fairly infer he has no fixed principles.”

A genteel young man, who had a little before come up to Strongbrain, begged leave to observe, that although he by no means concurred in the opinions of the person in question, respecting the French Revolution, he did not see any inconsistency between them and his former opinions, and gave a short, but very able, dissertation on the intellectual, moral, and political principles that distinguished his writings and speeches. From this he inferred that whether right or not, he was at least consistent. Strongbrain, who, as he often did, had spoken at random, did not attempt to confute Mr. M——, who, though

though young, had much more correct information, and habits of closer reasoning.

“Do you see,” said Colonel Lighthorse, “that tall man, with a thin face, and a long nose? That is, after the dramatic author, one of the most facetious men in the House of Commons.”

“Who is that tall, and very handsome man, who has just joined Charles?”

“That is the young Duke of B——, a nobleman of good talents, but too much under the guidance of men who may not give them the most beneficial direction.”

“O I know that tall jolly gentleman walking with the tall thin man.”—“I dare say,” said his aunt, “you have seen him at Edinburgh. He is one of the *readiest* and ablest statesmen we have; and has also very great penetration. It was he that first discovered the extraordinary abilities of his friend with him.”

“What,” said Douglas, “is that Mr. P——?”

“It is indeed; he has no equal for the

union of talents, application, vigour, decision, and other qualities and habits which qualify the possessor for the conduct of affairs. He has had many important and trying situations to encounter: his mind always shewed itself superior to his task, however arduous."

"The present period appears," says Dr. Grecian, "pregnant with events, that will probably call forward still greater exertions of his intellect, and I have not the smallest doubt but it will rise in proportion. The French Revolution must produce great and important changes to Europe, which, whether good or bad, may probably affect this country. His conduct, hitherto, respecting our neighbours, is marked by consummate prudence; he has not interfered in the internal concerns of a nation not interfering with ours; although, I must say, I cannot avoid observing in some of their doctrines and arts, a spirit which may eventually lead them to disturb this country."

"Who,"

“ Who,” said our hero, “ is that figure with very narrow skirts to his coat ? ”

“ That is, Captain ————,” said Strongbrain, “ an editor of a strange kind of a newspaper, in a most absurd, bombastic style. He, now and then, tries his hand at prologues, and excels in flippancy. That stiff-looking prig, in a clergyman’s dress, is also a writer in the same paper, and has coined plenty of new words, but of very base metal. He is a strange, unsteady fellow. He is, at present, on the side of government, but I should not be surprized if, in one of his vagaries, he were to turn a rank republican. That person with him writes poetry, at least, verses, for the same paper; he calls himself Della Crusca. About half a dozen, including a lady, that, after having been long a kept mistress, devotes her attention to sentimental and moral writing, have agreed to see-saw one another in rhyming praises. Della Crusca leads out a poem; Anna Matilda trumps it with an eulogy; Laura Maria, Yenda, and
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the whole set, play the same game. All is versified nonsense in Della Crusca."

Strongbrain whispered to Douglas, that this reminded him of the mimetic efforts of dogs, celebrated in Pope's works.

"Mr. William Gifford has taken the melodious inanity into consideration, and made a very severe attack on their writings, on which account, it is probable, they may now turn their nonsense into different channels. The stout, well-made man, in canonicals, is also an editor of a paper, famous for wit, humour, and scandal. His reverence is a celebrated boxer, called by way of eminence, *the fighting parson*. That short, strong-built man, with small pinkish eyes, is editor of the ablest paper that is written, though by no means of a good tendency; he is lively, acute, and knows the town. A friend of his, a man of literature and science, joins him in the conduct of the work. From the detail of the one, and the philosophy of the other, it derives its excellence. Jimmy Cachagee,

Cachagee, (for so this gentleman is called,) is a great gallant, especially among the servant maids; if you see him in the street, walking very fast, and smirking, you may lay an even bet that there is a pair of black stockings tripping away before. He, indeed, seems very desirous of being seen in that kind of pursuit."

"Jemmy," said Mrs. Lighthorse, "has been much indebted to Mr. Advance, the agent, your acquaintance, who is a very friendly good sort of man, and lent him money and credit, to establish the paper. Jemmy manifests his gratitude not so much in expressions of regard to Mr. Advance himself, for that he thinks would be fulsome; but, in attention to Mrs. Advance, who, as a loving and dutiful wife, is greatly delighted with the fervency of his gratitude to her husband, as expressed to herself."

"The thin, sensible-looking man, that has just taken hold of Jemmy Cachagee's arm, is, I suppose, his partner."

"No,"

“No,” said Mrs. Lighthorse, “at least, not his *professed* partner, that is, Lord ———, a man of parts and knowledge, beyond any peer of our part of the United Kingdom, but too violent. He was educated in a northern university, under a man of very considerable talents, but tinged with republican notions; and is thought to have imbibed some of the sentiments of his preceptor.—Observe that lady with a coarse face, skinny, red and scorbutic, she is the wife of a man of very great fortune, acquired with remarkable expedition during the American war. Having by virtue of their great wealth, entered into the fashionable circles, they bestow the most laborious pains and attention to prevent it being known they had ever belonged to any other. The lady, the daughter of a hard-working silversmith, near Norton Falgate, has left all her former acquaintances, with whom she used, in her youthful days, to have pleasant parties at the ordinaries at the Shepherd and Shepherdess, on

on the City Road; or the Cat and Shoulder of Mutton, at Hackney; and afterwards spend the evening at White Conduit House, or Bagnigge Wells. She wishes her origin to escape the memory, and assumes very stately airs, and will receive no visits from any person coming in hackney coaches; entirely forgetting the Adam and Eve at Pancras, and Old Mother Red-Cap's, as if she had never been of a party to the hot rolls and butter and the home brewed."

Having amused themselves for some time in this manner, they retired to their respective habitations.

